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THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
NOVEMBER, 1926

Correspondence

[The writer of this letter, whose position precludes him from signing his name, has had an intimate knowledge of China for many years. His opinion is, therefore, entitled to respect; but even discounting Bolshevist influence, we find it hard to believe in the bona fides of a "national" movement founded by a visionary of such doubtful character as Sun Yat Sen.—ED. E.R.]

Our Policy in China

To the Editor of THE ENGLISH REVIEW.

SIR,—The official statement with regard to British policy in China, read by Mr. Lampson to the China Association on October 14, was little more than a condensed version of Lord Balfour's speech in the House of Lords last July, but that little more was very vital. Sympathy with China in her difficulties; determination to observe strict neutrality between contending factors and to interfere only when British lives and property are imperilled; conviction that, no matter how many years it may take, China alone must solve her own problems of Government; readiness to concede outworn restrictions when and as administrative reform progresses; these have been the watchwords of British policy any time during the past fifteen years, and they are the salient features of these two official pronouncements in 1926. The important "little more" is just that the British Government, beset and goaded from many angles to do otherwise, still to-day consistently adheres to the policy of Patience and Conciliation.

Evidently the Government is undismayed by the outcries as to Bolshevist influence. Bolshevism, like the Papacy and Napoleon in former days, has become a species of political Bogey Man. Every reverse, ailment or mischance, finds itself attributed to Bolshevist intrigue; even acts of God have not escaped the imputation; and,

(*Continued on page* 484.)

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(*Continued from page* 483.)

in China particularly, baseless rumour and inordinate exaggeration have had full fling. The vices and vagaries of Bolshevist leaders are, perhaps, all that they are painted; but is it to be supposed that, if every Russian in China were drowned in the Yellow Sea, the Chinese political problem would be any nearer solution? No more than would our labour difficulties in England be solved by a similar submersive operation in home waters.

So, too, the Government remains unmoved under the taunt that the Chinese Government with whom they negotiate has less power than many of the provincial *de facto* authorities—a phantom cabinet whose authority ceases at the Walls of Peking. The requirements of official continuity and the immemorial prestige of Peking are of themselves reason enough for this course of action. But, even otherwise, what is the alternative? Has any one of the belligerent warlords given evidence of either the desire or competence to bring about a settlement of his country's affairs? Personal ambition, greed, peculation, treachery, and the like qualities, with which we are only too familiar in the Changs and Wus and Fengs of the last five years, these are not attributes to warrant the confidence and support of Great Britain. Yet, after each temporary triumph negotiated rather than won by this or the other tuchun, our Government is assailed from treaty port and council chamber with urgent messages and advice that, if they will only give a few lakhs of dollars and their moral support to X, China will resume her normal trade and administration. No. We have done it once. We mistook Yuan for a new Chien Lung, eventually leaving the country in chaos with £25,000,000 added to its external debt. It is very much to be hoped that we shall not make the same mistake again.

Finally the Government is unruffled at the advance of the Cantonese army into Central China, and of the predominance they have achieved in Hankow and Wuchang. It is intimated that our trade up and down the Yangtsze is in peril, that our great vested interests in Shanghai are at stake. Why so? The Government of Canton is the head and fount of the first discernible trace of the capacity to govern, in a modern sense, which China has thrown up. Whatever may be said to the credit or discredit of the Kuomintang, it cannot be denied that the motives underlying this heretofore much maligned organization are honest in thought and national in purpose. Incidentally the very fact that they are a party with a policy, and not merely the adherents of a particular leader, gives them, as I have said elsewhere, a claim to consideration on a different basis from Mukden or the five provinces under Sun Chuang-fang. There are among them hotheads who say more than they mean; there are others too prone to think that the good of their nation is advanced by the disparagement of others; but there is something meritorious to be found among them, they have something in them akin to the disciplinary fervour which inspired the Roundheads, something of the *élan* which animated the army of Garibaldi. If it should come to pass in the not distant future that the little leaven of the Kuomintang permeate the lump of China, I venture to think there will be cause for rejoicing in Leadenhall Street, in Downing Street, and in the world at large.

I am, etc.,

PALAEO.

THE
ENGLISH REVIEW
NOVEMBER, 1926

Current Comments

THE bankers' and industrialists' manifesto on behalf of inter-European and, indeed, international Free Trade, is a notable protest against artificial barriers to the unrestricted interchange of goods and services essential to ideal prosperity. To the philosopher or economist these barriers can only seem proofs of human perversity. For with certain reservations, amongst which we should include the physician's power to rectify an unhealthy loss of Nature's balance by the application of abnormal treatment, for example, in the protection and resuscitation of agriculture in Great Britain, we conceive the abstract theory of Free Trade to be incontestable. A good deal of rather pointless criticism has been levelled at the manifesto on the grounds that it is somewhat indefinite, and that the various European States would certainly be unwilling to adopt its recommendations.

A Counsel of Perfection

Any declaration which could secure so many distinguished signatures, including the Governor of the Bank of England and leaders of industry and finance in France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, and a dozen other countries, on a subject touching their vital but various interests, must necessarily have allowed some latitude for differences of opinion. The fact, moreover, that human perversity and shortsightedness are likely to postpone our arrival at the millennium is no reason why the right road should not be indicated. It is, nevertheless, paradoxically true that the best and, probably, the only effective means by which Great Britain can advance the ideal of universal Free Trade—the ideal of Cobden which has so lamentably failed—is to lose no time in imposing adequate countervailing tariffs against every country that refuses free admission to our goods. Cobden and his contemporaries may, perhaps, be excused for believing that the world would follow our example. But it did not, and our splendid isolation has lasted far too long.

As Lord Balfour once said, we have nothing to bargain with. We are defenceless against a world armed with

tariffs. We do not enjoy Free Trade. We suffer from free imports and closed markets. We shall not secure reciprocity with our hands tied behind our back any more than we should secure immunity from aggression by abject disarmament. The education of the world in abstract economics as expounded by the bankers can do nothing but good. We have, however, no hesitation in commending to our readers a study of Professor Sarolea's article in this number on "The Economic Crisis in Great Britain," and the discussions at the Imperial Conference on inter-Imperial Preference as having a more practical bearing upon the problems of the moment.

Affairs of Empire

THE Imperial Conference has met and has begun its examination of the thorny question of foreign policy. There is a growing demand in certain of the Dominions for fuller control of their relations with foreign powers, and it will be the difficult task of the Conference to try to satisfy this demand while preserving a common foreign policy, at least on major issues. Since the last meeting of the Conference in 1923 the increase in Nationalist sentiment has revealed itself in many directions: the Canadian Government, with an eye on Locarno, has disclaimed any concern with treaties concluded by Great Britain with foreign powers until they have been ratified by the Canadian Parliament; a Canadian Minister to the United States has been appointed, whose functions will have to be dovetailed into those of the British Ambassador; the present South African Government proposes to remove the Union Jack from the national flag; the Irish Free State presented itself as a candidate for election to the Council at the last League Assembly, and so forth. It is difficult to see what fuller freedom nations can desire who have the power to make decisions such as these; yet they show a tendency to grope toward still fuller control of their destinies, and to assert that independence of thought and action which the younger members of a family so often feel impelled to claim when they attain to manhood, even though none deny it them. Some of the speeches at the opening of the Conference contained no single constructive suggestion, but merely the expression of a desire for "definition of status."

General Hertzog thought that South Africa could

only remain a unit within the Empire if she were presented with a kind of certificate of coming-of-age. Mr. Mackenzie King wished to seek out and have rigidly defined those parts of the field of inter-Imperial relations which are now uncharted or marked only by dotted lines. Mr. Cosgrave's guarded statement contained nothing so interesting as Mr. Baldwin's disclosure that at the end of this year negotiations are to be opened with the Irish Free State with a view to the latter assuming a share in her coastal defence. Mr. Bruce, for Australia, resisted the tendency to press for some kind of "declaration of status," and pointed out that the very elasticity of our unwritten Imperial Constitution had enabled it to give, without breaking, on every past occasion when strain had been placed upon it, whereas a written document might prove much more brittle. Mr. Coates, Mr. Monroe, and the Maharajah of Burdwan spoke of the unfaltering allegiance of New Zealand, Newfoundland, and India to the Imperial connection.

The path of the Conference, in its discussion of foreign policy and Imperial defence, is clearly beset with difficulties. Nevertheless, it will not prove beyond the powers of the Prime Ministers to find a way to reconcile national susceptibilities with the needs of common security if they follow the guiding principles which Mr. Baldwin, ending his speech of welcome on an inspired note, quoted from the teaching of St. Augustine: "In essentials, union; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity." Mr. Baldwin recalled how another controversy, that between the advocates of Dominion Navies and contributions to a single Imperial Navy, had long since been buried, and he might have added that a volley was fired over its grave when H.M.A.S. *Sydney* sank the German raider *Emden*.

The Mother Country's Troubles

On the economic side of the Conference the Australian and New Zealand representatives urged the need for decisions rather than the mere recording of resolutions, and said that their peoples were waiting for the present gathering to give a clear lead in the direction of solving the problems of Empire trade and settlement. Alone among the delegates, Mr. Coates, speaking for New Zealand, referred to the trials through which the Mother

Country is passing, and expressed his country's wish to give whatever help it could in return for past benefits. The Dominion Prime Ministers, it must be remembered, come from countries in which the dawn of new prosperity is already at hand. Mr. Mackenzie King, in particular, is fresh from a smiling land which, in his own words, has experienced one of the most bountiful harvests in its history, in which income tax has been considerably reduced and a favourable trade balance of no less than £80,000,000 secured in the last fiscal year. Leaders in the Dominions, contemplating on the one hand the pleasant prospect of their reviving trade and, on the other, the industrial strife, the increasing trade deficit, and widespread unemployment in the Mother Country, may incline to become a little intolerant of Great Britain's management of her household and a little doubtful of her capacity to control the affairs of Empire. Such doubters, if they exist, overlook the tremendous effort this country is making, despite its staggering load of debt, forget the traditional success of Great Britain in overcoming difficulties, and ignore, to the point of ingratitude, the source of the present prosperity in the Dominions indicated by Mr. Baldwin in these words:

> We in this country may fairly claim to have played our part (in the fostering of inter-Imperial trade) by the facilities given in London, both in the raising of loans and in giving such loans the privileged position of trustee securities. From no other source could such large sums have been provided on such favourable terms. I find that down to the end of 1925 London had lent to Governments and municipalities in Canada, Australia, New Zealand, and South Africa more than £850,000,000 sterling.

The Mining Muddle

The intervention of Mr. Winston Churchill into the mining dispute has had the result anticipated by all who understood the situation, and an end of the trouble has again been deferred. There is some conflict of opinion as to the motives which inspired this disastrous meddling. The debate in the House of Commons which gave warning of what was coming showed apparent collusion between the Chancellor of the Exchequer and Mr. Lloyd George. Some shrewd observers saw in this a plot to break up the present Government, and to re-establish a second Coalition. For our part we refuse to contemplate the possibility of

such treachery, and prefer to believe that Mr. Churchill was entrapped by Mr. Lloyd George into a course of action which, by bringing discredit upon himself, brought also a certain amount of discredit upon the Government of which he is a member. But, whatever the motives which brought together these two ex-Coalitionists, it is clear that the Chancellor merely led the Government into one more false position.

A subsequent debate in Parliament exhibited Mr. Lloyd George as the spokesman for the Miners' Federation, endeavouring to extract from his former associate pledges regarding the proposed Arbitration Tribunals, pledges which obviously the latter had been told by his colleagues that he was not to give. All through this long struggle these petty intrigues have been a source of lively disgust to those responsible for the conduct of the coal industry. For it seems to them almost inconceivable (not having had experience of political life) that politicians should work for their own paltry interests while the country is being bled to death.

The futile "Proposals," which the Government put forward to save Mr. Churchill's face, were turned down by the Communists who control the Miners' Federation. Thus the coalowners escaped the spate of ignorant abuse which a powerful section of the Press would have turned upon them if the Federation had been clever enough to accept the "Proposals" and so forced them to help the Government out of the trap.

At the moment of writing the situation is what it would have been in the third week of July if the Government had listened to the advice of those who wish to save the country, instead of vainly trying to conciliate those who wish to destroy it. The miners are returning to work in ever-increasing numbers, and the leaders of their Federation are rushing about the country striving to stop the flow back to the pits. They evidently hope that the sufferings of the poor will soon become so acute that the Government will again be forced to pay blackmail to the miners. This noble plea is having some temporary effect, and a campaign of brutal intimidation has been launched. But, if only the Government will show a little courage, the nation will successfully beat back this attack upon their lives and liberties.

It will hardly be said of Lord Oxford's public life that nothing became him so well as his manner of leaving it.

Lord Oxford's Resignation

The day after the publication of his book on "Fifty Years of Parliament" he announced his resignation of the leadership of the Liberal Party, although up to that moment it had been understood that he was going to Scotland to receive its allegiance. All this was very inconvenient, as his supporters had to change all the arrangements, and alter their prepared speeches at the eleventh hour. Lord Oxford simply ignored the disunion in the Liberal Party which, it had been assumed, he was about to heal, and devoted himself to a recital of his career as Prime Minister. The speech, therefore, must be taken as a kind of appendix to the book, and read together with it. There is no objection to a statesman pronouncing his own funeral eulogy, and Lord Oxford did the thing with his usual literary grace and dignity. That, however, is no reason why the facts should not be subjected to candid criticism. Though it is notable that in the political arena Lord Oxford has always behaved like a gentleman, he has rendered several disservices to the State. He is responsible for the Trades Dispute Act of 1906, and the Political Levy Act of 1913, which constitute that charter of licence and anarchy which has induced all the industrial troubles of the last twenty years. He passed through the House of Commons the Naval Prize Bill of 1910 which, had it not been rejected by the House of Lords, would have lost us the war, as it made a blockade impossible. His Parliament Act of 1911, which deprived the House of Lords of all power over financial bills, and limited its function as a second chamber to a suspensory veto of three years, was carried by the votes of eighty-four Irish Nationalists and forty Labour Socialists, as the Liberals and Conservatives polled an exactly equal number of votes for and against the House of Lords. Mr. Lloyd George's absurd Budget of 1909 retarded the building of houses by private enterprise, and produced the present overcrowding. Finally, Lord Oxford has reduced the strength of the Liberal Party in the House of Common from 272 in 1911 to 38 at the present hour. This is a plain tale of facts, which no amount of sonorous eloquence can delete.

The Liberal Leadership

THE suddenness of Lord Oxford's resignation must have embarrassed Mr. Lloyd George more than anyone else. He is like a dog from whom a bone has suddenly been snatched, and who, with much friendly wagging of the tail, proceeds to attack another morsel. No longer able to sneer at Lord Oxford, he is now engaged in viciously attacking Mr. Baldwin. Will he succeed to the position of leader of the Liberal Party? It is very unlikely, because no political insiders will trust him, despite his magical power on the platform. Mr. Lloyd George is a striking instance of the difference between a politician's reputation with the masses outside Parliament, and with the professional politicians inside the House and the offices in Whitehall. To the public who read newspapers and attend political meetings, Mr. Lloyd George appears merely as a fascinating orator, with a persuasive voice and much wit and humour. Very differently is he regarded by those inside politics with whom he has had personal dealings as Prime Minister. He lacks the first essential in a leader, the power to inspire confidence in those with whom he has to transact business. Apart from these personal objections, there is his land policy of nationalizing agriculture by appointing Government inspectors and paying everybody, landlord, farmer, and tenant, a fixed sum per annum. The Liberal Party will never swallow this programme.

Mr. Lloyd George and Labour

RUMOUR has been persistently busy with Mr. Lloyd George's growing inclination towards Labour. In view of such stories it is interesting to observe how in recent months he has gained favour with the Labour rank and file in the House and has sought to conciliate them. Only a little while ago he was the object of their deepest aversion. Now he can draw from them much louder cheers than their own leaders. This was very noticeable during the September sitting of the House. The coercion of the coal-owners was discussed by Mr. Ramsay MacDonald, but he was too timid to please his followers. The Labour Party listened to him without any sign of approval, but they became radiant when Mr. Lloyd George urged that, if the owners remained obdurate, it was the duty of the Government to take over the mines for a period. The cheer

that greeted this pronouncement was quite rapturous, and when Mr. Lloyd George went back to the war and argued that the Ministerialists would not have hesitated then, in the event of any recalcitrancy on the part of the owners, to take over the pits, Labour became still more exultant. The intelligent spectator could not fail to notice such a significant demonstration. Its interest was increased by the fact that Mr. Lloyd George's own party showed no such enthusiasm for his proposal. This phenomenon of Mr. Lloyd George pleasing Labour and displeasing his own party has occurred several times in the course of this session. It is part of a ridiculous political situation. He owes his retention of the Parliamentary leadership to the least advanced members of the Liberal Party, yet he is constantly preaching things which they dislike, while those in the Party who may sympathize with him are in many cases personally hostile to him. Such a situation cannot continue indefinitely, and Mr. Lloyd George's impatient spirit may be disposed to fly from it. If he tried to alight on the Front Opposition Bench, he would be welcomed because of his alertness and his boldness, but there are two reasons against the Labour Party accepting Mr. Lloyd George as a leader: first, Mr. MacDonald has a scheme of land nationalization of his own, and, secondly, Mr. MacDonald, Mr. Snowden, and Mr. J. H. Thomas are not in the least likely to surrender the leading position which each one of them thinks himself pre-eminently qualified to fill. On the whole, Mr. Lloyd George seems condemned to plough, like Lord Rosebery twenty years ago, a lonely furrow.

British Foreign Policy

Sir Austen Chamberlain must have been justly proud of his address on foreign affairs to the Imperial Conference. When, three years ago, Lord Curzon spoke on the same subject to the preceding Conference, the brilliance of the form of his speech failed to obscure the fact that its substance was far from satisfactory. Europe was still riven and nerve-racked by the war and its aftermath of suspicion and hatred, and the aim of British diplomacy—the restoration of peace and international sanity—seemed far from realization.

Sir Austen Chamberlain dealt with a very different situation. During the past three years Europe has

advanced rapidly towards recovery, and for her convalescence British diplomacy has to no small extent been responsible.

Ever since the armistice we have made the permanent pacification of the Old World the first item in our foreign policy. We have done so largely because we instinctively realized that without a stable Europe our industries and foreign trade could never recapture their former vigour. European reconstruction was one of the chief objects of the inventors of the League of Nations. The defection of the New World from the Peace of Versailles temporarily immobilized the League and rendered abortive the proposed Anglo-American Treaty for the guarantee of the eastern frontier of France.

Europe was thus thrown back upon the methods of what is popularly called the "old diplomacy." France, feeling that she had been left by her English-speaking friends to face single-handed a Germany still potentially powerful and probably vengeful, formed defensive alliances with other of Germany's neighbours and seemed determined to hinder as much as possible the recovery of her late enemy. The occupation of the Ruhr was the culminating feature of this policy. History is more likely to vindicate the occupation than to endorse the condemnation so strangely expressed by a large section of contemporary British opinion. It may have been extra-legal, and it was brutal; it held up the reconstruction of Europe for a year or more; but in the end it cleared the way for that process of constructive conciliation which produced successively and logically the Dawes Agreement, the Pact of Locarno, the entry, for good or ill, of Germany into the League, and the Thoiry conversations.

Without in any way belittling the statesmanship of those at the head of affairs in Paris and Berlin, it may be doubted whether this happy consummation could have been so quickly reached without the aid of British statesmanship. The liquidation of the Ruhr episode gave us an opportunity of bringing forward an alternative policy for the stabilization of Europe to that envisaged by the founders of the League of Nations. We realized that only by a Franco-German *rapprochement* could continuous friction on the Rhine be avoided and Europe rescued from the dangerous instability of a new balance of power system. The Dawes Agreement, laboriously

ground out by diplomatic machinery, liquidated the most serious politico-economic problem imposed upon Europe by the Treaty of Versailles. A reparations settlement alone would, however, have availed little without a political arrangement calculated to allay French distrust of Germany.

His share in the evolution of this arrangement will give Sir Austen Chamberlain an enduring place in the history of British diplomacy. Without unduly committing us to European entanglements, as Mr. MacDonald's abortive Geneva Protocol would have done, he has, by the tact and perseverance with which he first fostered the negotiation of the Locarno Pact and then encouraged and supported every conciliatory move on the part of Germany, played a memorable part in her reconciliation with France, and in the restoration to Western Europe of the possibility of peace. He has, moreover, by his patent honesty and straightforwardness, rescued British diplomacy from the slough of disrepute into which, in the estimation of European observers, it had been plunged by the vagaries of our foreign policy during the years immediately following the war.

M. Poincaré's Task

M. POINCARÉ has been three months in power, and has worked unceasingly at the formidable task of restoring the finances of France. Will he succeed where others have failed? At this moment it would be hazardous to prophesy, for the situation is uncertain. The Premier and Minister of Finance had no difficulty in obtaining the confidence of the country, and Parliament, frightened towards the end of July by the fall of the franc to 240 to the pound, readily gave him the powers he demanded.

How have these powers been used? Primarily, to create new resources by increased taxation so as to obtain a balanced Budget. For this year and next the French people will have to provide something like eleven milliard francs by additional taxes. The effect of these taxes has been to increase the cost of living enormously, in spite of the commissions formed for controlling prices. The bulk of the taxpayers are paying not only the increased taxes levied upon them, but also those of the traders. The people who sell things have simply passed on their taxes to the already over-burdened consumer.

A Budget, however, with a surplus has been secured; the country has been told that there will be no new taxes, and that sweeping economies have been effected in the Government administrations. But it is awaiting information on two points: the amount of money saved by wielding the economy axe, and the number of functionaries that have been dispensed with.

Meanwhile the position of the Treasury has improved beyond expectation. In July last the Herriot Government confessed that their funds would not last more than twenty-four hours, after which they might have to stop payment. M. Poincaré is already able to announce large repayments to the Bank of France, a reduction of the note issue, the acquisition of large reserves of foreign currency, a strong demand for National Defence Bonds, and cash in hand to meet foreign liabilities for six months ahead. Truly a marvellous record in three months.

The Debts Question

WHAT is making M. Poincaré's task more difficult is the fact that a large section of the French people refuse to admit any co-relation between the internal and external debts of France. For many Frenchmen it is not a question of ratifying the London and Washington agreements, but of revising them in accordance with France's capacity to pay. Yet the fate of the franc is bound up with foreign credits. They must play a part in stabilizing it, and they can only be obtained when the debts agreements are ratified.

M. Poincaré's attitude on this matter has been largely influenced by public sentiment. It is a singular fact that, when he expressed the desire that Parliament as soon as it met should ratify the agreements, the franc, which had been over 170 to the pound, increased in value. When, however, a campaign for safeguard and transfer clauses was started, the franc fell again.

There is increasing evidence that, though the Premier and Finance Minister has practically a free hand in most things, he is to be controlled on the debts question. The powerful organization, the Union of Economic Interests, the Association of Old Combatants and the big Parliamentary group in the Chamber led by M. Louis Marin, the Minister of Pensions, are against the Washington Agreement as it stands. M. Poincaré has to think of the safety of his Government. There is always a danger

of these war debt settlements precipitating a Cabinet crisis, which would have a disastrous effect on the franc.

Germany in the League

On September 10, 1926, Germany was formally admitted to membership of the League of Nations, with a permanent seat on the Council. This has been hailed, principally by members of "League of Nations Unions" (self-appointed bodies in various countries, forming part of an "International Federation" with headquarters in Geneva, and claiming the right to dictate the policy of their own and other Governments) as a step towards the universality of the League. But as the entry of one new member has entailed the departure of two old ones, the proposition will hardly commend itself to mathematicians.

In view of many ill-informed or deliberately misleading statements, it may be well to note the following points:—

(1) Spain's withdrawal from the League, which the Editor of the *Journal de Genève* denounced, on the day of its notification, as a *coup de traître*, was really a protest against the breach of a promise admittedly made several years ago that Spain should be given a seat on the Council at the first opportunity.

(2) The League's ostensible *raison d'être* is to substitute the rule of law for the rule of force; but the adoption of the principle of giving permanent seats on the Council to all "Great Powers" (and no others) leaves all authority in the same hands which have always held it.

(3) The foundation of International Law, which the League professes to uphold, is the theoretical equality of all Sovereign States. This the League is at pains to destroy. It long since refused the privilege of membership to such States as Liechtenstein, San Marino, and Monaco, on the ground that they were too small; and it has now divided those States not under this disability into three classes—(*a*) "Great Powers," with permanent seats on the Council; (*b*) an intermediate class of "semi-permanent" or "re-eligible" members of the Council; and (*c*) other Member States, which may be elected to the Council for a single term of three years.

(4) The interests of small States (Members of the League) are supposed to be safeguarded by the control

of the Assembly over the Council; but recent events have shown that this is imaginary. The Council, if its members (generally, in practice, the Great Powers) agree, is supreme. The power theoretically reserved to the Assembly of holding a fresh election to all the non-permanent seats at will is illusory, as the rules for such a fresh election are left to be drawn up in the throes of a crisis.

(5) The Council, in breach of Art. 4 of the Covenant, named Germany as a permanent member of the Council before she had been admitted to membership of the League—Germany having refused membership on any other terms. And having thus bullied the League into submission from the outside, Germany is now in a position, by refusing the unanimity essential to a decision by the Council in almost every matter, to coerce the League into tearing up the Treaty of Versailles. The Treaty was made for Europe and not Europe for the Treaty. But it is well to face the facts. The former Allied Powers will have to choose between submission and breaking up the League.

Tangier and Spanish Claims

TANGIER is thirty miles to the west of Gibraltar, and its international zone covers 200 square miles, of which the coast-line is about thirty miles. To the east the Mediterranean coast as far as the River Moulouya, some 200 miles, belongs to the protectorate of Spain, and to the layman it would seem that submarine bases and aerodromes might be installed with equal facility at many points in Spain's protectorate as at Tangier. The Admiralty reported, however, that it is essential for the security of the Empire that Tangier be neutral, and neutrality is best assured by an international regime. This decision must be accepted as final, and makes it impossible for us to agree to Spain's demand that Tangier be incorporated in her zone. But certain concessions to Spain are suggested, giving her predominance in the administration under the Statute.

According to the Spanish Press, which, in Morocco, is carefully censored by the Spanish authorities, when the Powers discuss the matter Spain will ask for: (1) the post of chief administrator of Tangier's zone; (2) the policing of Tangier and of the international zone; (3) the nomination from Tetuan by the Khalifa of the

Spanish zone of the Mendoub in charge of native affairs; (4) the administration of Tangier's customs.

Under the Paris Convention of 1923 regarding the Tangier zone, ratified in the first place by England, France, and Spain, provision is made for a French chief administrator for the first period of six years. The present French official has served less than two years, and to the Spanish community in particular his work has not given satisfaction.

The Paris Convention also provides for a gendarmerie, composed of 250 natives, to police the zone outside the town, to be commanded by a Belgian captain, assisted by one French and one Spanish lieutenant. Both French and Spanish military authorities agree that such a combination is unworkable, and the gendarmerie has not yet been installed. A municipal police force for the town has been installed, but has proved very unsatisfactory. It is suggested that the policing of both town and zone be entrusted to Spain, who would then be in a position to put an end to any conspiring against the authorities in her own zone, and to the smuggling of arms, both offences of which Spain has repeatedly complained.

As to native affairs, two-thirds of Tangier is native, and at the Paris Conference the French insisted upon such affairs being administered by a Mendoub nominated by the Sultan, and responsible to him and themselves. The natives are dissatisfied with the present system, and would greatly prefer that their special administrator, whether nominated by the Sultan or the Khalifa of the Spanish zone, be made responsible to the International Legislative Assembly of Tangier. The Customs are at present under French officials appointed from Rabat; should they be entrusted to Spain, it would be desirable that Tangier be granted a voice in their administration.

All these concessions to Spain would be at the expense of France. England has nothing to concede. The English assistant administrator, Mr. C. V. Dicken, is in charge of the finances of Tangier. He has done excellent work, and it is important that he should keep his post.

Whether Spain obtains all she asks for or not, it is desirable that she should gain a more predominant part in the administration. A great part of Tangier trade is with the inhabitants of the Spanish zone, and failing a good understanding with them it must surely suffer.

King's Men

By Hubert Emery

I'm a King's man, count me in,
No Moscow gold for me.
Up and oust the knavish Reds,
And keep Old England free.
King's men never failed her yet,
And now to arms we stand,
When strife and envy, hate and plot,
Beset the Motherland.

The gallant sons who died for her
In England's heart are sleeping;
The faith for which they gave their lives
Is handed us for keeping.
And shall this isle they died to save
Be lost to us for ever?
This precious pearl be cast to swine?
All King's men answer "Never!"

And every man who pulls his weight,
And works instead of slacking,
Whose faith contains no Moscow creed,
Can help to send them packing.
So set your teeth and plant your feet,
And help to stem disaster,
And show the Reds and Communists
That England is their master.

In mine and shop, at bench and forge,
Are men who play the game;
Who breathe goodwill and plot no ill,
Who love the English name.
As theirs who died on Flanders' field,
Your hearts are true and stout;
Good King's men all, stand side by side,
And sweep the traitors out.

King's men all, we stand four-square,
Our need has made us kin;
And we will keep Old England free;
We're King's men, count us in.

The Economic Crisis in Great Britain

By Professor Charles Sarolea

One does not need to be a pessimist, but only to open one's eyes to be convinced that Great Britain is in the throes of an industrial and social crisis more severe than any which has confronted it for generations past. Universal uneasiness, the upper and the middle classes taxed out of existence, the working classes pampered yet discontented, the tyranny of the trade unions dominated by an extremist minority, perpetually recurring strikes, millions of unemployed on the dole, British foreign markets contracting like the wild ass's skin in Balzac's novel, a crushing war debt, a reduced national income and an increased national expenditure—these are only some of the troubles that face every British Government, whichever party it may represent. It is a poor consolation that those troubles are in a measure common to all industrial countries. For however world-wide the industrial crisis may be, the position of Great Britain is far more precarious than that of any other country. In the commercial competitive race the British manufacturer is like a runner whose limbs are shackled and whose every movement is retarded by heavy burdens and who yet is expected to compete with others whose movements are comparatively free.

When we inquire into the causes of these handicaps, we are told that it is a mere temporary phase, that Great Britain is only reaping the aftermath of the world war. I am not re-assured by this explanation. Indeed, I believe it to be false. I fully admit that the war has precipitated and aggravated the crisis. But even if there had been no war, the crisis would still have been there. It was hanging over Great Britain like a dark cloud long before the war.

If it were merely the aftermath of the war, we should find the other belligerent countries similarly or more grievously afflicted, because they were beaten, or because they were invaded. Yet it is obvious that this is not so. It is clear that their position is incomparably more favourable than ours. I shall not discuss Italy, which

at the Armistice was trembling on the verge of chaos, and which to-day instead of being in a worse position has bettered her situation since 1918. Nor shall I discuss Germany, which only recently was politically and economically bankrupt, yet has managed to wipe out her war debt, to renovate her industrial equipment, to rebuild her merchant navy, and to reconquer many of her lost markets. I shall only draw attention to the amazing recovery of Belgium and France, which is but temporarily interrupted by the collapse of the franc. Let us not be misled by the catastrophe of the depreciated French exchange. The French Government, which for political reasons has refused to balance its budget, may be financially in a terrible plight. But the French people themselves are to-day more prosperous than they have been for many decades. Whereas Great Britain can provide no work for her vast army of unemployed, whereas she complains of her small quota of 170,000 aliens which she cannot assimilate, French industry is so feverishly busy that France has been compelled to import and able to absorb nearly 3,000,000 foreigners.

The world war, therefore, cannot be accepted as the explanation of British industrial difficulties. We have to look much deeper. Politicians and economists have the unscientific and unphilosophical habit of explaining economic facts merely by cutting out a small slice of years and by manipulating the statistics of those years to suit their argument. But the life story of a nation is not to be measured in terms of a few years or even of a few decades. It can only be measured by a succession of generations. It can only be rightly viewed and understood in the broad perspective of history.

Applying that principle, if we are to understand the present situation of Great Britain we shall have to go much farther back, to the very beginning of her industrial evolution. We shall seek for the cause of the present depression in the national policy—let us rather call it the anti-national policy—which has been pursued for 200 years and is only now bearing its evil fruits. We shall find the explanation in an economic system which for centuries has deliberately sacrificed the most vital of national industries, which has sacrificed the countryside to the town, the peasant to the city worker.

As the result of a combination of circumstances, the

confiscation of the church lands in the sixteenth century, the enclosure of the commons, the Continental wars of the seventeenth century, the Colonial wars of the eighteenth, the emergence of sea power, the Old Merrie Agricultural England was transformed into a country almost entirely industrial. Arable land was turned into pasture. The sheep drove away the men. Millions of the rural population flocked into the cities and became slum dwellers.

That movement reached its culminating point during the revolutionary and Napoleonic wars, at the beginning of the nineteenth century. At the end of those wars, Great Britain had obtained a virtual monopoly as the counter, the shop and the workshop, as the middleman and the carrier of the world's trade and industry. In possession of that monopoly British merchants and manufacturers discovered that trade and industry were incomparably more remunerative than agriculture, and that therefore it would pay them to concentrate exclusively on commercial and industrial expansion. They knew that this profitable expansion would have to be achieved at the expense of agriculture, but they were prepared to pay the price. As for the landowners and farmers, they consoled themselves with the thought that they would not suffer in their incomes because they were protected by high tariffs.

In order to justify the new mercantile policy, the political and economic thinkers of the eighteenth century gradually devised a new philosophy, which may be called the workshop theory of politics. It has to be observed that the policy was not based on the theory, but that the theory was invented and evolved in order to justify the policy. We were told by Adam Smith and his school that, just as there must be in every industry a division of labour, which is the cause of all progress, so there shall be a division of labour amongst nations, which is equally conducive to progress. Each country, because of its climate and its soil, is predestined to develop in a certain direction. South Russia is a granary, the Southern American States are a cotton plantation, Ceylon and China are tea plantations, France is a wheat field, a vineyard, an orchard, a flower garden and a market garden. On the other hand, because of entirely different geographical circumstances, Great Britain is predestined to be the

workshop, the middleman, the carrier of the world. The orthodox economists did not pause to consider whether it was not on the whole better and healthier to live in a market garden or a flower garden than to live in a factory or a slum. Such uncommercial considerations did not occur to them. They only saw the profitable goal and the magnificent industrial destiny. In order to fulfil that high destiny Great Britain must have unlimited quantities of cheap raw material and cheap food supplies. She therefore must have unrestricted imports. Industrialism and commercialism are the end. Free trade is the means.

The workshop theory of British politics, and the free trade theory which was its logical consequence, must be looked upon as the termination of a long historical development which began in the confiscation of church lands by the followers of Henry VIII. But in order to understand the completeness of its triumph, in the first half of the nineteenth century, we must realize that much more than a mere economic issue was involved. The struggle between industry and agriculture implied a conflict between two different conceptions of life, two opposite ideals. The agriculturist rooted in the soil stood for national ideals, for tradition, for ancient customs, and long-established beliefs, for aristocratic patronage, and a paternal system of government. The industrialist stood for change and innovation, for cosmopolitanism, for the triumph of nonconformity, for middle-class and mob government.

It is largely because the theory of industrialism and free trade corresponded to a definite ideal and supplied the battle cries of two opposite parties that it very soon became much more than an economic theory. It was made into a new political doctrine; it was glorified into a religious gospel. Of this dogma, Cobden and Bright became the inspired missionaries. They were the St. Peter and St. Paul of unrestricted liberty, of pacifism and internationalism.

It may be said that all through the nineteenth century this gospel held undisputed sway. Even to-day the majority of the British people have not begun to realize that the doctrine is radically wrong, that the so-called eternal verity of free trade was only a temporary expedient and the sectional programme of a party, that it

has long since become a monstrous anachronism, and that it has irretrievably broken down.

Turning our attention first to the workshop theory of politics, we find that, so far from being an eternal verity, it is an exploded heresy. I use the word "heresy" in its technical and theological sense. A heresy does not mean a doctrine which is wholly erroneous. It is a doctrine which may contain a kernel of truth, but which carries that truth to extreme and absurd consequences.

Unrestricted and conditional free trade is wrong not only on economic grounds, but on social and political grounds. It is a challenge to the permanent laws which in all times and in all countries have guided and regulated the life of nations.

In the life of an individual the maintenance of health depends on the parallel development of all his bodily activities and the strict subordination of those which are secondary to those which are essential. An epicure who only developed his digestive organs would become a gross sensualist, an athlete who only developed his muscles a mere animal. A brain worker who only developed his nervous system and fed the soul at the expense of the body would soon become a neurotic creature.

As it is with the life of an individual, so it is with the life of cities. The health of a community depends on the parallel development and co-ordination of all its energies. No doubt, the activities of the law, the church, the schoolmaster, and the civil servant, are all necessary to the welfare of the community, but they are not all equally necessary. It would not be a healthy sign if one of these activities were to predominate to the exclusion of all the others. We might easily have too many clergymen, as happens in cathedral towns, or too many professors, as in the university towns, or too many bureaucrats, as in Soviet Russia and in China, or too many soldiers, as in pre-war Prussia. We might even have too many bankers, too many lawyers or shopkeepers.

As it is with the life of the individual, and of the small community, so it is with the larger life of the State. The continuance of its health must equally depend on the preservation of a certain balance between the various activities, and above all on the predominance of those which are vital. No activity which is primary and vital can be sacrificed with impunity. And as there is no more

essential balance than that between the country and the city, between agriculture and industry, there is no interest which it is more necessary to protect than the agricultural. A nation may be thriving without a mighty industry, but no nation has ever survived without a prosperous agriculture. Nor is it a mere accident that the primacy of agriculture was the first principle of the founders of modern political economy, the great school of French Physiocrats.

By this fundamental principle all political theories must be ultimately tested. One may assert *a priori* that any economic theory will be right or wrong, according as it tends to promote or to arrest the development of national agriculture. Therefore, if the workshop theory of politics can be proved to have been injurious to English agriculture, it follows that the theory itself falls to the ground.

Now this decline of the vital national industry of Great Britain is exactly what has happened as the result of the workshop policy. For a hundred years agriculture has been a steadily decreasing factor in the national economy. The agricultural population has been continuously dwindling with each successive census. The nation has been more and more dependent on the foreigner for the importation of its food supplies.

That steady decline of British agriculture has produced the inevitable results which it has always produced in the past. It has led to the congestion of cities, to the mushroom growth of slums, to the shocking contrasts between extreme wealth and extreme poverty. It has led to perpetually recurring economic crises, to the vicious cycle of commercial booms, succeeded by commercial depressions. It has led to social instability, to national insecurity. Worst of all, it has led to the demoralization of the people and the degeneracy of the race.

We are told by the professors of orthodox political economy that the triumph of industrialism and of what is wrongly called "free trade" has led to an enormous increase of British national wealth. There is no convincing evidence, however, that this prosperity is due to this one particular cause and not due to many other causes. Indeed, so far from crediting the commercial and industrial expansion of Great Britain to free trade,

it would be much easier to prove that it was primarily due to the protectionist system, which since the Elizabethan age and the Navigation Acts of Cromwell built up British sea power and British commercial supremacy. When free trade was proclaimed in 1846, the industrial and commercial power of Great Britain was relatively greater than it is to-day. For many generations she had already been enjoying enormous commercial advantages over all her competitors.

But even if it could be proved that the predominance of industrialism and the policy of free trade may claim the exclusive credit for the enormous increase in British national wealth, the argument would still be irrelevant. The buccaneers of a previous generation might have argued that the African slave trade was the most profitable of all trades, or the cotton planters of the Southern States that slavery was an indispensable condition of the prosperity of the Southern States. Similarly you might try to convince me that, if I engage in a certain business, and if I am prepared to sacrifice my health or my higher interests, there is a dead certainty that I shall make a big fortune. But is it not obvious that no sensible man would willingly concentrate on the pursuit of wealth, if it can only be acquired by the irreparable damage of his body or the loss of his moral personality? Even the gold mines of the Rand may be purchased at too dear a price.

I have tried to prove that the workshop theory of politics is fundamentally wrong in principle, that a mercantile economy has no relation to sound political economy—that is to say, that it has no relation to the economy of the State, that it is a challenge to primary, moral and political verities, and that therefore, even if it had been highly profitable, even if it had worked to perfection, it would still be our duty to repudiate it. But in point of fact, it has not worked well; it has broken down. The experiment has been tried, and it has failed. For generations Great Britain has put all her eggs in the one basket of trade and industry, and now she discovers that some of the eggs are addled and that the others have been broken.

The workshop theory of economics and politics has broken down, because it was based, not only on a false philosophy, but also on a series of false assumptions of fact, not one of which has come true.

1. In the first place the free traders invariably assumed that other nations would follow the enlightened example of Great Britain. Unfortunately no other nation has followed in her steps. On the contrary, every other nation has travelled in the opposite direction. Americans, Frenchmen, Germans, Russians, might be divided on almost every conceivable political doctrine, but, rightly or wrongly, they all agreed that protection was the only safe national policy.

Let us note by the way, the strange irony of history that the unmitigated protection of all other nations has been partly the result of the undiluted free trade of the British doctrinaire. His very dogmatism has defeated its own purpose. If the free trader had been sensible and reasonable, and had realized that there are two parties to every commercial transaction and the essence of trade is fairness and reciprocity, he might have indirectly extended the empire of free trade. He might, for instance, have secured for Great Britain a certain measure of free exports to Germany, in exchange for an equivalent amount of free imports into Great Britain. The British free trader, however, possessed by his fetish, preferred to surrender all power of bargaining, with the result that the foreigner is able to combine all the advantages of protection at home with those of free trade with Britain, and with the further result that he has had no inducement whatsoever to make one single step in the direction of free trade. We are thus confronted with the strange paradox that the uncompromising intolerance of the British free trader, so far from helping on the triumph of his dogma, has assisted in the universal triumph of protection.

2. The second assumption of the British free trader was that Great Britain would always be able to maintain the advance and priority which the favourable accidents of history, her privileged geographical position and her deposits of coal and iron had given her; that she would continue to enjoy the advantages and retain the monopoly she already possessed. But it is only too obvious that she has long ceased to enjoy these advantages and has had to surrender her monopoly. For instance, oil power and water power are increasingly displacing coal power.

Even her insular position has become a cause of inferiority rather than of superiority. The central position of Germany, in the very heart of the European continent, with a conterminous frontier with Russia extending for one thousand miles, gives German competitors a decided advantage over Great Britain.

3. The third assumption of the free trader was that we should always be able to produce more cheaply than our competitors. But to-day not only is Great Britain not producing more cheaply, but her costs of production are considerably higher. She is handicapped by a crushing burden of taxation; by the tyranny of her trade unions and perpetual strikes; by her inferior technical education and her ignorance of languages. She is even handicapped by her superior standard of living.

In view of the changed circumstances of the world, it is not at all astonishing that the workshop policy should have broken down, and the free trade theory stultified itself. The astonishing thing is rather that the breakdown should have been so slow in coming. In fact, it might well be argued that the workshop policy did actually break down one hundred years ago. About 1840 Great Britain had to undergo the sufferings of what historians still call the "Hungry Forties." She had to go through the Irish famine. She was threatened with the social revolution of Chartism. It is true that this terrible crisis was followed by an amazing recovery. In the fifties industrialism and free trade seemed to receive a new lease of life. The final collapse of the policy was delayed for another two generations, owing to a series of unexpected chances which cannot possibly recur. The settlement of the United States and of Canada, the opening of Asia and Africa, the wholesale emigration of millions of Englishmen and Irishmen who went out to colonize the vacant spaces of the new world, warded off the bankruptcy of industrialism and of the free trade heresy until these post-war days. No such unexpected spell of good fortune is likely to retrieve the situation. It will be left to the present generation to pay the full penalty of the errors of the past. Salvation will only come when Great Britain opens her eyes to those errors, and when, having clearly diagnosed the disease, she shall bravely and deliberately apply the only remedies which can cure it.

The Riddle of the Cecils:

A Study of Lord Hugh

By James Johnston

TWENTY odd years ago two young Members of the Conservative Party were in closest association with each other and, in spite of clearly discernible and fundamental differences, they were apparently governed by similar ideas. Both were men of large and excellent promise, and not only their Party, but the whole House and the nation, too, so far as it knew and appreciated them, expected great things from them. Prophecy was rife regarding them, and the prediction was made of both that they would be Prime Ministers. Of the one it was never thought otherwise than that he would be a Conservative Prime Minister, but for the other the headship of a Liberal Government was regarded as the natural and inevitable goal.

In the intervening years the careers of these two friendly rivals have been as diverse as possible. The one has occupied all the higher rungs in the official ladder except the top one; the other has never held even a minor Government appointment. The one has been the idol of successive Parliaments; the other has shone at one time with a most magnificent stellar brightness and has faded at another time into obscurity. In one Parliament he has been an incomprehensible enigma, and in the present one he is only regaining his former supremacy. His youth has fled, and in middle age he finds himself without a record of achievement, the mere possessor of a half-faded name and of an influence somewhat impalpable, however real.

The difference in the two careers is not due to superiority of natural and social advantage on the part of the successful one, for both were born in the political purple, both were the sons of great political figures. The ears of men had been made ready to hear both of them by the fame of their fathers and the rumour of their own prowess. Both had dazzling gifts. If a balance could be

struck between their gifts, the one who has lagged behind would be regarded by most competent critics as having the richer dower from Nature, a mind of a deeper quality, and speech of a loftier tone.

It will have been apparent to the reader, almost from the first, that the two men are Mr. Churchill and Lord Hugh Cecil, and the problem which may well provoke his ingenuity is, What reason to assign for the extraordinary difference between their positions to-day? I do not propose to give the reader any ready-made solution, but a study of Lord Hugh Cecil may provide useful clues, and such a study I am going to attempt.

As one goes back these twenty years, a strangely fascinating but not entirely attractive picture of Lord Hugh returns to one's memory. His tall, angular figure, without any touch of grace, and his austere unworldly face, in which there was no sign of joy, induced curiosity. In that assembly of prosperous, worldly men he seemed the most incongruous of aliens. He was like a wanderer out of medieval times, and if he had been wrapped in a monkish robe and had sported the cowl, he would have been the very picture of a dreaming monk—not a monk who loved the ease of the monastery, but one wrestling with metaphysical problems and revelling in the subtleties of the schoolman. He spoke on various kinds of subjects, attached himself to the little clique of gilded Conservative youth which was pursuing economy, and talked wisely on quite mundane affairs. Whatever he discussed, he discussed in another manner than his allies or than any other Member of the House. He brought the metaphysical atmosphere into every debate, and he had a curious scholastic apparatus always at his command. His cousin, Mr. Balfour, was the only one who at all resembled him, but he had a humanistic grace which Lord Hugh did not possess. There was something harsh about his mind, something almost repellent.

He was known to be a devoted High Churchman, he was undoubtedly of ascetic bent; his spare form and pale face indicated a man to whom the ordinary delights of life were nothing. Of religious elevation, however, on most occasions he gave little or no sign. He was too intellectual, too wedded to logical exercises to kindle

expectation that he would ever show a mystical strain or be borne aloft by exalted feeling. Nevertheless, he occasionally let slip a phrase which had some wistfulness in it, and he burned in a subdued yet glowing fashion when he dealt with "Christian Law." "Law" was a significant word to him and he counted it of the essence of religion. He regarded religion, not as a sentiment or an emotion, but as a belief, and he thought of it as austerely legislative, as laying down an inexorable canon of practice to which obedience was exacted without relaxation or consideration of human weakness. A conception of that kind often leads to a narrow rigorism in which there is no breath of the Divine, but to him law was not to be construed in terms of courts.

Such a mind naturally gravitated towards special and peculiar spheres of politics, to those where religion touches politics. In those spheres he included matters which to the ordinary man seemed to have nothing but a common social value, but which he, with what his critics considered perversity, regarded as permeated with religious meaning. It was that tendency to see great moral issues in ordinary things which led him to specialize in the marriage of the deceased wife's sister. The ordinary man saw in the restriction which the law had placed on that kind of marriage only an archaic restriction of freedom for which there was no social justification, and against which, indeed, a great body of social and domestic advantages protested. Lord Hugh, however, with his High Church theories, flew at the suggestion to make such marriages legal with a noble rage, and marshalled against it such an array of moral argument as the House had never seen. It was on his mastery of this subject that a large part of his earlier reputation rested. His speeches on it were subtle and severe, but they were not merely barren, as high, scholastic argument is apt to be. If their terminology was ecclesiastical to a degree which repelled, and if their atmosphere seemed to be incompletely human, there was, nevertheless, a strange glow in them.

Indeed, in those speeches he gave unmistakable signs of being possessed of a faculty which transcended the rule and habit of ordinary parliamentary speaking.

People began to say that he had that quality which distinguishes the orator and separates him from the crowd of speakers, however persuasive and impressive they may be. Many would have ridiculed his title to that exalted rôle; they would have laughed at the idea of a subtle dialectician attaining to such heights of feeling as the orator reaches. They would have pointed to his uncouth gestures, his harsh voice, his mannerisms in pronunciation, his incurable predilection for the scholastic type of argument, and they would have said: "Intellectual and thought-stimulating he certainly is, but an orator he is not, and cannot be!" But if they had heard him when he was on a theme which kindled his religious feeling, they would straightway have ceased to dispute his oratorical claims. Such critics overlooked what may be called "the paradox of eloquence," which is that a man may attain to oratory although he fall short of the most exacting standards of fine speech. Lord Hugh is not the first man who has failed to satisfy some of the essential demands of fine speech, and yet has soared at times into the highest regions of eloquence, and carried up audiences on the wings of his own inspiration. "Inspiration" is the word which best describes him as he was at his highest in those early days; and if the lovers of parliamentary eloquence were to seek for an example of inspiration, they could not find a more moving one than his speech on the second reading of the Education Bill in 1902.

That speech was the high-water mark of his early career, and it is difficult to maintain that he has ever spoken so well since. The finish was magnificent, lifted above all the common triumphs of the orator into a region of exaltation not accessible to one out of a thousand seekers of oratorical fame. The body of the speech was in his usual vein, deeply marked by his incurable habit of dialectical argument, and spoken in rather harsh tones. All was changed as he drew towards the peroration. The nervousness that always afflicts him disappeared, his tones deepened, lost all their sharpness, and swelled into a great bell-like volume, and all the scholasticism of his mind was swallowed up in a wave of emotion which flooded his whole being. Seldom has a man held the House as he held it that May afternoon.

He had a huge audience which filled all the benches and packed the space at the bar—a crowded gathering of ordinary men of all degrees of worldliness, but all held captive by the spell of the religious votary. He spoke with a rare and moving fervour, and they listened, scarcely breathing. When he finished there was a second's silence, and then a vast, deep cheer broke the silence, and billowed and echoed through the House—a cheer which was unique because there was no note of party feeling in it, but instead the expression of religious emotion. After that speech there was no doubt as to Lord Hugh's oratorical pre-eminence. Neither in that House nor in any of its successors has there been anyone who could approach him in his mastery of the most exalted note of eloquence.

The portrait, composite though it is, is not yet complete. A number of characteristic, though minor, traits have to be added, making up a most curiously mixed character. There was a considerable measure of self-consciousness—that is, consciousness of his exceptionally incisive mind, and a tendency to glory in it which amounted to a spirit of exultant mischievousness, as of one who rejoiced in upsetting the prim regularities of unadventurous and custom-ridden minds. He knew his powers of dialectic, and took delight in exercising them; in short, he fully illustrated Plato's warning against the youthful practice of dialectic and showed the puppy-like playfulness which is the mark of the new practitioner of it. There was a touch of the *enfant terrible*, which he has not yet lost. To it he added a certain amount of contempt for slower wits than his own, and he won for himself the reputation for intellectual arrogance. He did so in spite of an excessive nervousness, which is not usually associated with that confidence in one's own judgment commonly regarded as an indispensable element of arrogance. The nervousness, however, was only the external nervousness of the speaker, and had nothing to do with internal certitude. For all his spiritual exaltation, too, he could be, when occasion seemed to demand it, a willing user of the entirely secular means of parliamentary obstruction, and once at least his obstructive tactics combined the primitive qualities of the schoolboy

and the evasive cunning of the adroit parliamentarian, who has learned how to circumvent the parliamentary rules. Unable by his marvellous eloquence to stop the progress of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill, he transferred his protest to the division lobby, and lingered in it contrary to parliamentary practice, but not flagrantly contrary to parliamentary rule.

That is the picture of Lord Hugh in the years before the free trade upheaval. When it came he stood on the free trade side, but suffered political shipwreck in the great storm of 1906. For three years he was out of Parliament, and returned to it as member for Oxford University just in time to take part in the great battle which raged round the veto of the Lords. That was the beginning of his second phase. The religious devotee developed into the political fighter, and sometimes the fighter degenerated into the fanatic. There never has been a more daring, a more dashing Rupert of debate than he was in these fierce days, leading combined assaults, waging single combats, pressing his Liberal enemies with every weapon he could wield, fearing none, and counting no enterprise too hazardous. The parliamentary sketches of the period are full of strange, wild pictures of his fervour and his prowess, and some are so surprising that it is almost impossible to believe that they are portraits of the religious enthusiast of the earlier period or of the Lord Hugh we know to-day. Especially unrecognizable is that picture of him on one famous night feverishly leading the chorus of maddened cries against Mr. Asquith.

When the war came, Lord Hugh dropped out of the public view except as the champion of one cause, which he defended with crusading zeal. It was a cause which might have been expected to provoke his antipathy instead of his sympathy, but he saw clearly that it raised a vital issue of conscience. Feeling that conscience was violated when men were forced into war, although they considered war morally wrong, he did not hesitate as to where he should stand, and he promptly raised his voice on behalf of the conscientious objector. This was a question which brought him back to his native sphere of religion. His finest speech on the question was delivered in 1917 against

the proposal to disfranchise conscientious objectors. It is quite a classical utterance regarding the liberty of conscience. Very striking is the declaration which it contains that religion and not the State is the object of his own supreme loyalty.

In the Parliament which followed the war no such cause called to him, and the whole atmosphere was alien. It was nicknamed the "Parliament of Hard-faced Men"; it did not certainly deserve to be called one of hard-headed men. Of all recent Parliaments it was the least intelligent. Occasionally Lord Hugh wandered into it like a visitor from another world, and occasionally he took part in its debates, but never with effect. He could not accommodate his swift-glancing, high-soaring mind to the low levels of Coalition intelligence, and the House in its turn neither understood him nor tried to do so. He was foreign to it in thought and expression. When he spoke he drew no audience, and the few who heard him stared bovinely or paid no heed to him. In such surroundings his genius could not thrive. His eloquence has been often of a lonely character and quite independent of the concurrence of his audience, but his dialectical performances require an understanding, perhaps an appreciating audience. He will not scatter his pearls before dumb dullards.

In the two short Parliaments which succeeded the Coalition one he began to gain ground. In the 1923–4 Parliament he might have been a great force, but he was still shy of re-entering the field. In the present Parliament he is still a laggard, but he has plucked up courage and has delivered some half-dozen speeches which have given him an unique position in the House. He can draw an audience now as he did in the old days, and it is an audience which listens and admires, which laughs, too, with that consuming relish which feeds a wit such as Lord Hugh possesses.

He has thus arrived at a critical moment in his career. His peculiar gifts are again recognized, and once more a place in public life is open to him. It is not likely he will rise to high office now; not because he is too old, for a man in the fifties is still politically young, not because he has never been in office, for in these days, the old,

laborious, official apprenticeship is not demanded, but because he has developed habits, and an outlook and a temper which are not of the official kind. It is, perhaps, conceivable that the Conservative Party might call him into their councils. In the present poverty of personalities they might be only too glad to have his acute and piercing mind. But it is difficult to imagine that he would accept the call; it is certainly impossible to believe that he would compete for it. Perhaps after all his career has not been so mysterious as it appears. Perhaps the confident prophets of twenty years ago misread his character and mind. They thought that he could have been put into the official mould, but they had not made sufficient allowance for his independence of view, for his intellectual and spiritual solitariness. All parties have had leaders who have been strangely unlike the mass of the party which they led, but the peculiar blending of spiritual anchorite and intellectual fencer which Lord Hugh is, would have made the strangest leader the Conservative Party have ever had.

What, then, is his place in public life to be? Is there any position for him outside of the Cabinet, or is there to be a prolongation of the tragic waste of the last few years? I suggest that there is one position open to him, for which his qualities are eminently suitable. From time to time the House of Commons has had a distinguished private member, to whom it looked for counsel or even for rebuke, who stood outside the ordinary disputes of party, and saw the world of politics with more philosophic eyes than the party leaders; one, too, who was elevated above his fellows by the loftiness of his character. This valuable rôle has been unfilled for many years, much to the loss of Parliament and the country. It is time it was filled, and Lord Hugh can fill it. Already he has partially stepped into it.

His previous career fits him for it, for he has no official record to hamper him, and he is unembarrassed by recollections of compromise or cowardice. He has the sincerity, the courage, the insight and the weight which are indispensable qualities in one who is to be regarded as an oracle or arbiter. And he has other qualities, too, which, if they are not essential, are certainly very

advantageous—qualities which would relieve the severity of his rôle and prevent him being too Olympian. Among these the most prominent is his wit. He has always had it, but it has developed in recent years, and it has been one of his most effective means in regaining the attention of the House. Another gift is his dexterous, rapier-like play in argument. He argues as a miraculous swordsman would fence, with lightning speed, with a continual flash of unexpected thrust-and-parry. He is subtle—the most analytical mind in the House—but he is never dull. He gleams with an inexhaustible brilliance. These two characteristics—his wit and his dialectic—nowadays blend in a fascinating way. Together, they prevent him being ponderous or solemn. There is no reason why the distinguished private member should be a grave or pompous person; if he were, he might be regarded to-day as a prig or a bore, or as a hateful combination of both. With these two gifts Lord Hugh can aspire to the position untroubled by the fear of such a fate.

His wit alone would give him an indulgent, kindly audience, so playful, so whimsical, and so daring is it. Even the Labour Party, which suffers acutely from sensitiveness, listens quietly to him, although he throws shafts of ridicule at them. If they did otherwise, they would confess themselves destitute of humour. Not for long has the House been shaken with such deep and genuine laughter as when he recently compared a Labour front bench motion, and the attitude of its mover, Mr. Henderson, to an innocent child of thirteen, saying "Damn!" for the first time. The comparison was so apt, and it was uttered with such elfin delight, that only churls could have fumed at it.

This wit, so dialectical in character, so dependent upon the faculty common to the Cecils of detecting differences and similarities which escape ordinary notice, is applied not merely to persons, but also to situations and policies, and even to systems, and always with an illuminating effect. It is used to clinch an argument, to make it memorable by a phrase or a picture, to throw a searchlight. In this province of speech Lord Hugh has no rival. Lord Birkenhead may be a master of invective and a

skilled fashioner of gibes, polished or rough, according to his mood, but he has none of Lord Hugh's uncanny insight or originality. Mr. Churchill's wit has an elaborateness and colour which Lord Hugh's has not, but the difference between them is that between a meteor and a display of fireworks.

A few years ago it would have been impossible to suggest that Lord Hugh might become the distinguished private member. He was too austere, too separate from the ordinary world, too arrogant, and sometimes too fanatical to qualify as an oracle. Time and experience, however, have mellowed him. His mind has ripened, and in ripening has become more sympathetic and understanding without losing its acuteness. He will never be a polished man of the world governed by the standard of the world, and in his judgments appealing to it; but he has grown urbane and tolerant. He is no longer fretted by the common man and his opinions. He is, however, still, and always will be, spiritually elevated. If, therefore, he takes up the rôle suggested as his vocation, he will seek to represent conscience and reason, rather than embody the general judgment in impressive form, and he will accordingly often suffer from the disobedience to which conscience and reason are both subject. The House will hear him gladly, but will often forget or neglect his advice. It will be shaken by his rebuke, and disturbed in its confidence by his criticism, but it will follow the call of party. Sometimes he will be right and sometimes he will be wrong. Sometimes he will confirm the ordinary judgment and sometimes he will oppose it. But he will always present a disinterested view and always he will be heard with deference.

If Lord Hugh is to take up this rôle, he must return to his former parliamentary habits. He must again become a diligent attender and he must again take a large part in debate. If he does so, Parliament will be better counselled, and its discussions will be brightened to an unbelievable extent. It is to be hoped that Lord Hugh's recent quickened interest in Parliament and the success that he has won mean that his tragic inertia has come to an end, that the Church Assembly is not to profit solely by his talents.

From the Byways of a Party

By E. G. Markham

PERHAPS it is sometimes as well to realize how much latent power is being lost daily to the Conservative cause through the failure of a certain section of its own supporters. In the ranks of the party are to be found both men and women who, representing as they do almost every walk in life, are, indeed, the salt of the movement. All honour to them. Their task must be often thankless, and their sole reward for time, energy, and thought given without stint, year in and year out, is just the knowledge that they are manfully struggling to shoulder a national burden that many of their friends and acquaintances have shirked. There exists, on the other hand, a considerable body of confirmed Conservatives who, though thoroughly alert to the need for action, are altogether prevented by genuine ties and responsibilities from taking any part in local politics, beyond the exercise of their vote. Against them we make no complaint; there must be such cases. But ought a great party—which includes, as it happens, a very large proportion of those members of the community whose time is largely their own and whose opportunities for leisure are almost unlimited—so often to do entirely without their support, except perhaps financially? Do these people realize, if they have given the matter a moment's consideration, that, necessary as funds may be, it is the active moral support, the help of willing hearts and hands, that is the most vital necessity of all? We know that some of them come forward at the first indication of an approaching election. But the help thus proffered is much too belated to be of any real practical value, and most of those qualified to judge are perfectly well aware that the majority of such offers arise rather from fear of the personal consequences that a defeat at the polls might bring them than from any deep sense of their obligations. And unfortunately this apathetic condition

of mind is very largely traceable to those who can least afford to rest upon the laurels of others. For with what sense of fairness can those who have toiled all day be asked to sacrifice their evenings to the cause, when some of those whose time is wholly their own and whose stake in the country is a high one have contributed not one minute in the week? Thus in a quarter from which leadership and example should be constantly forthcoming there is far too often a total lack of all sense of responsibility.

There can be little doubt that, were the Conservative mind infused with one-half of the ardour that of recent years has become such a driving-force in Socialist circles, its principles would successfully hold their ground for generations to come. Left to his own devices, the average Englishman is conservatively inclined; the nation as a whole in its collective opinions is predominantly Conservative; and so long as Conservative ideas are of the modern and progressive kind and are fairly contrasted with the doctrines of Socialism, the advantage is all on their side. The circumstances, in fact, are generally very favourable; what is wanting is the fire of enthusiasm. Instead, there is a remarkable tendency to stagnate, absence of vitality, lack of imagination. Simple reaction, any attempt at the present time to placate the onward surge of advancing thought with mere invective, with a repetition of the party watchwords from the past would be futile. Any such attitude has long since been discountenanced by enlightened Conservatives, both in Parliament and out of it; nevertheless, in the byways and backwaters of the party it is by no means an uncommon frame of mind. Yet it is in some of these same backwaters that great contests may be lost or won. We may as well make up our minds at once that the rising generation, the potential voters of to-morrow, are never going to be bluffed in this way. Conservatism, if it is to continue to appeal to modern thought, must measure up in inspiration to the ideals of its polar opposite, Socialism, but with this great fundamental difference, that while striving to bring about the greatest happiness of the greatest number as expressed in the betterment of all classes of the nation and in the development of the Empire, it does so, not by

demolition first and reconstruction after, but by improving and extending the foundations of the past for the benefit of the present and the future.

The fact is that, until such a flame can be kindled as will fire the imagination of all sorts and conditions of Conservatives with irresistible zeal, the kind of spirit that is generally to be found animating a triumphant cause will continue to be lacking. Politics for their own sake possess little enough to render them attractive to thoughtful men and women. How much less, then, must be the force of their appeal to the casual and careless?

It is only as a rule when earnest folk come to realize that on political action depends largely the trend that is given to our national life, to our very existence as a people, that their entry becomes assured into one or other of the political camps open to them; and it will only be when those less thoughtful have come to see how inextricably their own individual welfare is actually bound up with the prosperity of the State that the singleness of purpose among men of like opinions will be gained that is so essential to success in all national and international affairs. During the perilous years of the war this mental attitude was to a great extent realized. Can it not once more be made a reality in these less stirring but equally serious days of peace?

It has always been difficult to present Conservative ideas in a sufficiently attractive form to the younger men and women. At the same time the tremendous importance of winning their sympathy has been realized for long by the Socialists, and it is common knowledge that they are succeeding to a remarkable extent in laying their case before them in a manner calculated to make the most appeal. Conservatives have seldom been good advertisers. As a party, they have never much troubled themselves over "creating an atmosphere," with playing to the gallery and ensuring a good Press. Tradition, perhaps, and a great past have in some ways ill-fitted them for the intensity of modern party warfare. The best of causes should naturally require the least advertising. But it is an easy thing for confidence to outgrow its legitimate bounds and then rapidly degenerate into apathy—a particularly dangerous failing when facing opposition from a

party that during three decades at least had to fight for its very existence. "Though not good window-dressers, we none the less deliver the goods," was the substance of a remark by the Prime Minister not so very long ago, and most of us felt that it was an exceedingly apt criticism. Yet study the idiosyncrasies of our customers to some degree we must! Young people may, as a matter of fact, be harder to interest in political questions than the majority of their elders, but the very novelty of a doctrine that is superficially new, though it prove but a very old one served up fresh, is pretty sure of a good hearing for a period at any rate as against a political, social, and economic faith that, hoary with the centuries, in season and out of season, has so far withstood the test of time, not necessarily by virtue of its own lack of faults and failures, but because on the whole it has very much less of them than any other political creeds.

More often than not Conservative workers seem under a misapprehension that local movements of a non-political character lie beyond the scope of their own immediate attention. On the contrary, activities of the kind are genuine opportunities, not, indeed, for any form of direct political propaganda, very properly barred on non-political occasions, but because they constitute an ever-ready means of bridging the gulf that still yawns between those who have leisure and the opportunities that leisure affords, and those who have not or have less of it. Largely as a result of taxation, the old landed aristocracy of this country is gradually vanishing, and an aristocracy of commercial and industrial wealth is trying to take its place. Whatever may be thought to the contrary, it is certain that the old landed aristocracy, if it had failings in other directions, played a very remarkable and lasting part in the development and maintenance of our English institutions. Indeed, the vacancy will be found by no means an easy one to fill, if the attempt to fill it is really taken seriously, and those who are making the attempt will assuredly discover that in these more strenuous days they can only justify themselves in the eyes of the public by the measure of the services they render to the rest of the community. In every parish in the land, in town and country, the opportunities for this exist;

by those who have the eyes to see them they are very quickly found, and they are the bridges, the only bridges, that will ever successfully and permanently span the gulf. Intelligently used, they should go a very long way towards mitigating the evils of class hatred, and should do more to encourage those Conservative elements that lie dormant in the hearts of all the best of our fellow-countrymen than any amount of direct political propaganda.

But in what sort of spirit is this task to be approached? Political animosity and party pride, reasons that in days gone by might have been adequate for a leaning towards one party or another, could never be expected to produce an efficient and inspired political worker, the type that is absolutely essential to-day. The finest party organization in the world, if wanting in vitality, can accomplish no permanent good. As in everything else, to obtain the best possible results it is necessary to start with the highest motives, and quite the highest motive on the plane of human endeavour is "service." This idea of service has now a far stronger hold on the public mind than ever it had before, and there is good reason for thinking that if once it became the mainspring for all political thought and action, whether individually or collectively, even politics themselves might assume a different aspect, and people with moderate views, who represent probably the bulk of the nation, might more readily approach them. For we must not forget that it is this mass of moderate opinion that all parties are continually out to win, though hitherto it has succeeded as a rule in retaining its independence and a marked dislike into the bargain for politics and politicians in general.

Liberalism in the old days we knew well. Whatever might arise with Liberals in office, we were certain at least of the things they would not do. They had played on occasions a great part in England's story; they had traditions and a reputation which they intended to uphold; amongst their leaders were often to be found some of the scholars of their time. As a nation, we felt pretty confident that, come what might, they would keep within the recognized bounds. But though in the light of all that has since happened, it is difficult to predict in what

particular direction the mass of Liberal voters will seek to express their opinions in days to come, we cannot but feel that, as one of the principal parties in the State, to all intents and purposes Liberalism has ceased to function. With Labour, on the other hand, or Socialism to be precise, the case is different. As a party, it has become the Opposition, and must of necessity be regarded as an alternative to Conservative government. Yet if we are to judge of its policy by its own declarations and doctrines, any attempt to carry it in practice to its logical conclusion would quite clearly necessitate experimenting on a vast and dangerous scale with the very existence of the nation. A huge island population dependent on its foreign trade and national credit is far too delicate an organism to try experiments with. To counter these theories and the very active propaganda that supports them the need of instant and continuous work is vital, and it is in the spirit of "service," self-sacrificing effort on behalf of the nation, that this need can most effectually be met. Can those who honestly believe that Conservative and Unionist principles are of themselves more likely to bring salvation to England than any such alternative political, social, or economic code hesitate longer to throw into the scale every ounce of active support they have to give? There would then be less need for window-dressing than even at present, and the delivery of the goods would become more certain than ever.

The Future of Persia

By Sir T. Comyn-Platt

For years past the backwardness of such countries as Turkey, Morocco and Abyssinia has been a by-word. It is the same to-day; for a change of hats does not in the least suggest a change of habits—as the Young Turk seems to imagine. But if these three countries are several hundred years behind the times, there is yet another—Persia—that one might almost say is several thousand!

A century or more ago James Morier gave the world the most delightful, as also the most complete and truthful, description of Persian manners, customs, and ideas that has ever been written. Practically every statement he makes in "The Adventures of Haji Baba" holds good to-day. Those of another author, Captain A. Hamilton, who travelled through the country in 1700, are much the same. And if one goes back yet another hundred years and reads the travels of Sir Thomas Herbert, it is difficult to discover any single direction in which Persia has progressed.

That may be a good or a bad thing; opinions will differ. But the fact remains, to all outward appearances certainly, that Persia to-day is like the Persia of the thirteenth century, with this exception, that whereas formerly there were a few tracks, there are now a few roads.

But it is not only in the matter of roads that the country shows its backwardness; the whole system and scheme of communications are amazingly patriarchal. The ordinary Persian either walks, rides a donkey, or leads a camel—there are only 150 miles of railway in the whole country—whenever it is a question of moving from one place to another with his family or household goods. The distance may be short or long, a few days or a few weeks. But as time counts for nothing, there is really very little object in hurrying. Why not, then, take life

easily? If everyone goes at a foot's pace, what is the use of the individual galloping? And he doesn't. There is a national slouch, a benign resignation, an attitude of perfect contentment with things as they are, which is steel-proof against all modern inventions or conveniences. For pure, unadulterated tradition, the "what-was-good-enough-for-our-forefathers" idea, the ordinary Persian stands isolated and alone; majestic in his indifference to progress and reform.

So long, of course, as his indifference is confined to travelling facilities, there is nothing much to be said. If he considers a camel a better commercial proposition than a motor-car, that is his own affair. With time and more roads he may alter his opinion. Will he be too late? The European trader with his mechanical transport is following the camel very closely. But there it is, Allah has willed it so; what use, then, to struggle against the inevitable? And so things continue—Mashallah! (Allah be praised.)

But there is another far more serious consideration than the mere lack of commercial enterprise, and that is the question of national health.

Exactly what is the population of Persia no one knows; the figure varies between thirteen and seventeen million, according to different authorities. But one thing is quite certain, infant mortality is appalling. And how can it be otherwise in a country where sanitation and medical science—as compared with anything of the sort in Europe—are absolutely unknown? How any child survives its birth an hour or lives to grow up at all, is one of those amazing phenomena that no Western intelligence will ever fathom.

But as regards sanitation. It may be that we labour the point too much in the West? That we carry matters too far? In Persia, however, there is none at all in the villages, and in the larger towns, such as Teheran and Kermanshah, its very primitiveness is an added danger. It is true that where a European has built or bought a house things are different. But for the vast majority of Persians, rich as well as poor, such a thing as drainage is not only unknown, but never even considered. And if it is, no pipe leads farther than the street gutter. Indeed,

the more ordinary method is a cesspool under the house or nothing at all.

And these are the sanitary conditions in which the town population is born and bred. The marvel is that anyone survives at all! Why has not a plague or an epidemic blotted out the entire population centuries ago? There is nothing impossible in that even to-day. But it never occurs to anyone to adopt the necessary precautions. Again, it is the will of Allah! Fate, fate, all is fate; what use, then, to kick against the pricks? And when it comes to a question of medical or surgical skill, the ignorance and indifference of 99 per cent. of the population is simply lamentable. Here is a case in point.

A few months ago I saw with my own eyes a small child fall down in a street in Hamadan; it grazed its knee rather badly. Without a moment's hesitation the father at once stopped the bleeding by covering the wound with a patch of mud!

The extraordinary thing is that I am quite sure the man thought he was adopting the one and only remedy. And his knowledge is very little short, if at all, of that of any Persian I met with—certainly of any peasant.

Again, ophthalmia is the commonest of complaints with Persian children. There are many supposed local cures, all equally absurd and horrible. But for some extraordinary reason, which I have never been able to fathom, the women are firmly convinced that the more flies that settle on the unfortunate infant the better, and no devoted mother ever attempts to brush them away!

As for ever washing the children, sick or well, that never enters into consideration at all, nor for that matter does the question of proper feeding.

In short, generally speaking, the ordinary Persian mother has about as much idea of bringing up a child as an English woman would have of looking after a camel. No wonder the infant mortality is 70 per cent.

I don't suggest for a moment that there is any lack of affection; it is purely a matter of blissful ignorance. The trouble is that the vast majority of women in Persia are perfectly content with things as they are. Is it possible to alter this attitude of mind? It would seem that

time can alone work the necessary change. That is a long road.

And there is another question vital to the future prosperity of the country—child education.

At present Persian schools and teaching are about as primitive and useless as it is possible to imagine. As things are to-day, the Mullah, or village priest, is responsible for all the learning in the land. In a mosque he holds his classes, as convenience permits, and doles out his own scanty store of knowledge. The alphabet, a little arithmetic, and bits of the Koran are about all he can give. Very few of the children ever learn to read, and fewer still to write. Then, at the age of eight or nine, they return to the fields, where the rest of their days are spent. It is true that a limited number filter through to the Madrasahs, or sacred colleges, if they have any liking for the Mosque, medicine, or the law. But even then the ambitious student never gets beyond the knowledge of the East, for his teacher knows practically nothing of Western learning or discovery.

And so everyone in the land goes round and round in a circle, as it were, that never enlarges. It is exactly as though one gave a midshipman a chart used by Columbus and told him to navigate the Pacific.

In short, Persian education, even at its best, is about as useful in the world-scheme to-day as a bow and arrow. How is it possible in these circumstances to stand up against, or even to march with, modern forces? This "bow and arrow" education, so to speak, might quite well be altered along the lines of better teachers, a wider curriculum, compulsory schools, etc. But that would not really end the matter. The rock-bottom difficulty is that the vast majority of Persians are perfectly satisfied with things as they are. They know nothing about Western advancement or culture, and care less.

But however contented the people, or rather however lethargic, the country must be "run." Law and order, for instance, must be maintained; customs, excise, the judiciary, and a dozen and one other departments of State, to say nothing of the army, must be kept up.

And this brings one to the question of Persian finance, for without money not only is development of the country

impossible, but everything comes to a standstill. Now, unlike most countries, Persia has, comparatively speaking, no national debt, for £2,400,000 covers the whole of her outside borrowings. Neither is the population heavily taxed. Of course, no one cares about paying anything at all, and as far as that goes the Bakhtiari and a few other tribes refuse to do so. If, however, the present system of taxation was revised and brought up to date, if those who ought to pay did so, and peculation was stopped, the country would get along quite well. Even as things are, the Persian budget shows a small surplus. Time and again the Government has had the best expert advice as to taxation reform, but it has never been acted upon, mainly for the reason that anything of the kind would mean the uprooting of century-old practices, and, more than that, cut right across private vested interests, that are as marketable as stocks and shares in England.

In Europe manufactures constitute the wealth of a nation, or, perhaps, it would be more correct to say, exports. Judged by this standard—and from a finance point of view, there is no other—Persian exports as compared with those of other countries would about fill a skiff! One would have thought that in a country rich in minerals—coal, iron ore, copper, lead—a few industries might have sprung up. Far from that being the case, there is not a factory in the country. Cotton, silk, wool, and carpets are the staple industries, and naturally agriculture. But even the land, rich as it is, does not "yield her increase" to anything like its full. Opium is the biggest crop, then silk and rice; cotton comes third. Of these, three and four times the amount might be cultivated, in so far as there is suitable land. But no; sufficient is grown for local needs, why do more? Every now and then the crops fail—as they did last year; there is a famine; thousands starve and die, and still the cry goes up—Mashallah!

And the pathos of it is that all the misery and suffering that results might be avoided, for Persia could produce practically everything she wants, and in superabundance. As it is, either from ignorance, lack of skill or energy, she relies on foreign markets and has to pay through the nose.

For the year 1923–4 the revenue of the country was £5,120,000, the expenditure £5,100,000. The new Government may, of course, be less costly than the old. I doubt it—Shahs come and go, but bureaucracy goes on for ever! Add to this that new rulers can't afford to be niggardly. But in any case, the new Shah is doing his utmost, and so far with success, to stop the orgy of peculation, as also the avoidance of taxation, which, with centuries of practice, has developed into a fine art. Now, if those who indulged in this particular form of commerce were in a minority, the evil might be quickly eradicated. It is because the ramifications are so wide and the roots so deep that, with the best will in the world, it will be years before the Augean stables are cleansed. Still, Riza Khan—now Shah—began well, and if only the Majlis carries on his policy, the national surplus, given time, might well be doubled.

One thing, however, is quite certain: the revenue is bound to increase, even if the old order of things remain, and that by reason of Persian oil, the one and only flourishing and increasing industry in the country, without which the wheels of State would have clogged long ago. As it is, royalties paid by the Anglo-Persian Company accounted for close upon one-fifth of last year's revenue.

And it is not only the Government that scores. The number of Persians engaged in the industry at present is close upon 20,000, and more will be wanted as new wells are sunk. There is no end to the possibilities of employment in this direction. That is all important in a land where, as in Prospero's Isle, "everything is advantageous to life except the means to live."

But there is another side of the slate, and a far more important one.

The welfare of a nation does not depend primarily on work or wages; there are other far more vital factors in the scheme of life, such as health, education, order, and justice, qualities which the Briton takes with him and imparts wherever he goes. I have seen this process of painless inoculation in many lands, particularly in Uganda and East Africa. A few traders arrive; native mistrust is followed by appreciation; the new influence opens the door to commerce, and within a comparatively

short space of time the civilization which it brings is realized, then approved, and, finally, adopted. From the moment Western ideas take root the native character begins to change, and a higher standard of life is the order of the day.

This is exactly what is happening in the Anglo-Persian oil area. There, the company has started hospitals, schools, a police force, a Court of Justice; built stone houses and made roads, not to mention other important social customs and usages, the advantages of which the natives for miles round enjoy to the full at no cost whatsoever.

As a reforming or progressive influence could anything be better? From all accounts the Company flourishes; so does the native, who not only benefits financially, but is beginning to see life and the world from a less hopeless standpoint.

That is the big writing on the wall. It tells of a great awakening, a national pride, the will to succeed, which a wise Government will take note of, and do everything in its power to encourage.

But the government of the country? Therein lies half Persia's trouble. There is a Shah, Majlis, electors, and all the show of democracy, but there the matter ends. The army really and truly wields all authority, though even that is limited, for there are certain tribes, the Bakhtiari and the Kurds, for instance, who are a law unto themselves, barely admitting the right of the Government to interfere with them at all.

And so it unfortunately happens that there is an *Imperium in imperio*, many, in fact—the Shah, the army, the Majlis, the tribes—all at loggerheads or, at any rate, out of joint. In short, the Persian "house is divided against itself"; there is no agreed central authority; law and order is always in the balance; confidence is lacking, indifference and lethargy are everywhere.

As a matter of fact, this is the normal state of the country, and has been for centuries, except at such times as an all-powerful and benign ruler has appeared on the scene. Then, and only then, has national consciousness been awakened, without which any idea of a regenerated Persia is impossible.

But even then the way is long; there are no short cuts to civilization, and to imagine that a country, like Persia, can absorb an entirely alien culture, and profit by it straight off the reel, is midsummer madness.

No; if Persia wants regeneration; if she is really dissatisfied with her present lot; if she is convinced that Western civilization is better than her own, and wants to adopt it, there is quite a definite line she must take.

First and foremost, the Government must be upheld and respected.

Secondly, Western methods of hygiene and sanitation must be adopted.

Thirdly, the entire system of national education must be altered.

Fourthly, every encouragement must be given to foreign capital.

Fifthly, the resources of the country—agricultural and mineral—must be fully developed.

And lastly, road and railway construction must be increased.

This, I admit, is a tall order, but how Western civilization is to penetrate otherwise into what is, to all intents and purposes, an hermetically sealed country, I cannot conceive. No nation can be expected to adopt an entirely new system of life merely on hearsay. The advantages of the change must be seen and realized. As few Persians, however, come to Europe, and Europeans are not encouraged in Persia, how is the gulf to be bridged? The fact of the matter is, and there is no gainsaying it, the vast majority of Persians are perfectly content with things as they are; and why should they not be? They know nothing of Europe and care less. Any light from the West, any streak of European civilization to be found in Persia to-day, outside Teheran, is due to the Anglo-Persian Company, which, as I have said, not only swells the national exchequer by an annual amount of close upon a million pounds—a sum, by the way, increasing every year—but in addition is educating the country along the line of European civilization, without which Persia will remain in that "Slough of Despond" which has been hers for more than a thousand years.

Civilization and Politics

By Sir Bampfylde Fuller

FROM childhood upwards we have learnt to regard our civilization as the natural, normal condition of peoples such as ourselves, and are, therefore, inclined to take it for granted—to treat it with insufficient care and respect, and make it the subject of hasty popular experiments. This impression is not, however, borne out by a long view of history. Our knowledge of man's past is exceedingly limited. But, such as it is, it shows that, from ancient Babylon downwards, civilizations have come and gone as passing evolutionary episodes in the course of human affairs, and that man's normal state has been one of childish, rather truculent, barbarism, out of which he has soared for a time, but only to fall back again. Civilization is, in fact, comparable to the "domestication" of plants and animals, from which they soon revert into wildness, if a controlling and fostering influence is removed.

It has been so transient because each generation must recreate it afresh. We all begin life as little barbarians, and therefore start on the path towards culture from the point whence our primeval ancestors set their feet. It is, however, infinitely easier to learn than to discover or invent, and hence, in a few years, a child can assimilate what its forbears spent centuries in accumulating. The language that it speaks is obviously a *replica* of the language of its parents. Its religion, the objects of its inclinations, and its admiration, are *learnt*. Accordingly civilization collapses if one generation is left untaught. So in half a century were lost all the accomplishments of Roman culture.

The reason why man can gain and lose what is beyond the reach of the lower animals is that he is born to greater freedom than they possess. The impulses that regulate his external life are not hereditarily connected, or "concatenated," with particular sense-impressions, actions, and utterances. They are, so to speak, "truncated," and become stocks upon which attachments can be artificially grafted. Man shares with the lower animals such dispositions as those of spontaneous imitation, of effort, of being attracted by some things and

repelled by others. But, whereas a beast or bird will spontaneously imitate only certain particular movements or cries, will only like certain particular things—is tied down, in fact, to certain particular responses—man can imitate what he pleases, can "contract" likes and dislikes that are quite unnatural, and can develop his activities of conduct and speech along new lines that are suggested by successful trials. A bird can only build its nest with particular materials: man can use for his houses any material that he pleases. His accomplishments are, however, artificial "engraftments," and do not become hereditary. An English child will learn Hindustani as easily as English. The son of a talented violinist comes into the world with no knowledge of violin playing. He may, it is true, inherit a musical bent or manual dexterity. For differences of degree in the "truncated" aptitudes upon which accomplishments are grafted may no doubt be passed on from parents to offspring. One may inherit special degrees of courage, self-control, emotional excitability, imitative ability, retentiveness of memory, quickness of intelligence, or sensibilities such as that to music. But excellence in these heritable dispositions is not peculiar to civilized peoples. The invention of language must have preceded civilization. Yet it implies as acute intelligence as do the highest scientific discoveries.

Civilization is, therefore, built upon education, and, like a language, may be lost. Its artificiality is very marked in its modern economic developments. How *unnatural* it is that a country should be dependent upon imported food! And how terrible must be the collapse if it loses ability to purchase it! Moreover, being artificial, civilization is liable to "wear itself out," to develop peculiarities that conduce to its decay.

Learning only begins under the stress of authority, and man's culture begins with obedience to his parents. That he should be taught by his mother is the *instinctive* outcome of maternal love. Most of the accomplishments that he acquires involve co-operation between him and an ever-widening circle of others, and there must be an authority to regularize this mutual dependence by law, and to bridle the oppression of the weak by the strong. Family jurisdiction broadened

into that of the State. Its rule was autocratic. Civilization must have begun under despotic authority. But this was not necessarily retrogressive. Under a rigid bureaucracy Germany made the most astonishing progress; and the modernizing of present-day Turkey is being urged by an imperious dictatorship. It is only under discipline that man contracts the law-abiding habit. The effect of laws is obviously to safeguard the future: indeed they may be said to create a future, since, in conditions of lawlessness, future prospects are non-existent, and life is lived from day to day. By adding future possibilities to present possessions man's material resources are immensely increased. But a price is to be paid. He loses strength by a change in his disposition. The assurance of a future stimulates foresight, and his energy becomes prudent instead of adventurous—a change which is none the less real because it cannot be seen and measured. The growth of this "bourgeois" disposition obviously diminished his power of resisting barbarian invasion—the catastrophe which, it seems, overwhelmed the civilizations of ancient days. Prudence had some effective defences. The fencing of cities by strong walls protected the civilization of China from being utterly destroyed by nomads from the desert. The discovery of Greek fire prolonged Byzantine culture for several centuries. The employment of mercenary troops has postponed the evil day. But, in the end, prudence has gone down before adventure—before enemies whom a measure of antagonistic energy would have enabled it to despise.

Except perhaps in South Africa, civilization is no longer threatened by barbarians from outside. But it is subject to internal maladies that, in the course of time, may be as destructive. Man frees himself from one pest only to find that Nature has produced another. The governing authority may lose its influence owing to incompetence, degrading vice, or injustice. And power is so delightful that there is a ceaseless struggle to obtain it by encroaching upon the privileges of the "powers that be"—whether Senate, Church, or King—leading to civil wars and revolutions that throw culture back, if only for a time. There is also a danger more insidious than that from the ambition of individuals:

man's dislike to feel himself inferior to others—the feeling that in the jargon of psychology is called "the inferiority complex." So long as man's self-esteem is self-regarding, it can exist without comparison with others, and he can accept, without loss of self-respect, "the state of life to which it has pleased God to call him." But the effect of civilization is to accentuate the influence of the senses. Culture, of course, sharpens them extraordinarily; the tastes of civilization are a hundred-fold more numerous and varied than those of savagery. Feeling becomes subordinate to sensation, just as the delight of the amusing eclipses that of the inspiring. Consequently, one appraises himself, not "subjectively" but "objectively"—in comparison with others—and from this point of view another's superiority suggests the correlative idea of one's own inferiority. The essence of the ideal of liberty is freedom from this humiliating contest. Hence trade unionists can think themselves "free," although in servitude to their leaders, because their leaders are of the same class as themselves.

So there came into being an ideal of "equality" which to the unsophisticated would appear absurd—almost, indeed, blasphemous. Those who are charged with the government of a country—with the guardianship of its civilization—must be appointed in a fashion which will leave it open to belief that they are not superior to oneself. So they are *chosen* by voting—that is to say, a candidate's worth is measured by arithmetically computing the amount of his popularity. This method of selection supports, in however illusory a fashion, the idea that one's rulers are not superior to oneself. It may have been introduced by a king as a political expedient for lessening the influence of a competing authority, or may have sprung from the ashes of a revolution. But in either case the result is the same—that the government of the country is subject to popular likes and dislikes. Thus baldly defined, democracy is, of course, self-condemned. It has been workable only because popular inclinations can be led by skilful propaganda. Persuasion takes the place of command, and, since misleading arguments may be as convincing as the sound, an opening is afforded for the "art of politics." To "manage" another, instead of directly controlling him,

is a feminine aptitude, and it is, then, not unreasonable that women should be admitted to political privileges.

It is claimed that democracy inspires a people by heightening its self-respect. But its flattering colours soon wear off, and it becomes rather interesting than inspiring. And it nourishes a feeling which threatens the foundations of economic civilization. For, if there is no superiority and inferiority, why should there be rich and poor? Economic development brings about the provocative situation that multitudes work, whereas relatively few are assuredly prosperous. This inequality is, in fact, the stimulus of industry. None the less, it is the cause of restless discontent. Antagonism arises between employers and employed which threatens us with a class-war, and in the end may be as ruinous as it has been in Russia. Anxious efforts are made to promote a " national solidarity " that will allay this jealousy. By the influence of religion, of patriotic demonstrations, of condescension in social service, of organizations such as the Primrose League, of tea parties and whist drives, the rich strive to make the poor believe that their superiors are only their fellows. The General Strike was the reply. Defensive policy is weakened by a sentimental humanitarianism. There must be no " victimization "—that is to say, those who have played to win need not pay if they lose. Why should a railway company, for instance, not recover from its employees something at least of the loss that their deliberate breach of contract has caused it? Labour may preach a class-war, but, if capital attempts to assert itself, its action is condemned as " provocative," forgetting that an opponent thinks twice if he is met half-way. We pride ourselves upon this humanity. It has certainly worked wonders, and is a credit to mankind, however disconcerting be the reflection that it is only kindled by those who serve our self-complacency by being, in some way or other, inferior to ourselves. But, however this may be, it is worse than useless to parade Christian sentiments before those who have steeled themselves for a determined offensive. By maintaining the miners' families we have merely added to the men's power of inflicting loss upon the country.

Strikes, it must be freely admitted, are in present circumstances a necessary safeguard against exploitation.

They may well be protests against grievances which demand investigation. But if, within a reasonable time, a trade dispute is not settled by mutual agreement, it is the plain duty of the State to make a judicial, non-political, inquiry into its origin, and decide authoritatively the terms of settlement. This is an arduous task, and so invidious that a democratic government hardly dares undertake it. But only so can economic civilization be protected, for the stoppage of one industry affects profits and wages far and wide. Masters or men who refuse to accept a State award should be denied some of the benefits that they enjoy as members of an interdependent community. This again seems impossible under democratic conditions. But it is possible in Italy.

In England it seems incredible that communistic attacks upon capital should endanger the continuance of civilized life. But we have witnessed their effects in Russia and Italy; in Milan, workmen actually threw their superintendents alive into the factory furnace. During the General Strike of May last there was sufficient evidence of revolutionary passion that might easily have become destructive had it not been kept in control. We have confidence in the "common sense" of the British working man. He is, it is true, much less excitable than his fellows in Southern Europe. But jealous attacks upon property that are fanned by idealism rapidly overcome habits of order, and spread like forest fires. One can hardly trust to the common sense of men who are hypnotized by such a slogan as "Not a penny off the pay, not a minute on the day." And, violence apart, civilization is shaken to its roots if concessions are extorted which reduce profits below a certain point, and thus sterilize the stimuli of industrial endeavour. It may be deplorable, but it is a fact, that man's incentives to work are the fear of want or the hope of success, and that he is not enduringly energized by an altruistic wish to serve his fellows. Without capital there can be no profit, and without profit there can be no wages. There are idealists who maintain that so materialistic a civilization is not worth preserving. But most of us—even the poorest—would miss its comforts and amusements. And it has created, and supports, a dense population which, if it goes down, must perish of hunger.

The Conservative political party claims to be the guardian of our social structure. It has now been in power for a considerable time, with a dominating majority. Has it made the economies which alone can release us from the crushing burden of our war debt? Has it brought peace to industry? But hostile criticism is hardly fair. Its statesmen are the victims of the system that they represent. They must incessantly have a care to "what the country will say"—to the prospects of the next election. By a decided policy one makes enemies; it is safer to be a moralist than a champion. Large numbers of people admire one who is brave but good, and shrinks from the use of his weapons; they will attribute apprehensive indulgence to Christian feeling. Hence Parliament has blinked at the oppressive injustice of "peaceful persuasion," and has shrunk from tightening the loose-fingered administration of the dole, while conscious that it saps industry and discourages emigration.

It does not seem, therefore, that our economic stability can expect much assurance from elected Parliaments. But civilization may have unexpected resources behind it. There is something incongruous between conservative reaction and youth. But the Fascist revolution in Italy has shown us that a nation's prosperity may be retrieved by its young men. For in them the spirit of adventure has not been altogether quenched by prudence and convention. The General Strike brought home to us its surprising possibilities. And they have other qualities that can admirably serve our present needs. Social unrest, to be effectively stilled, must be met with justice—and a measure of generosity—as well as with courage. We must confess, however reluctantly, that these are qualities which appeal more insistently to youth than to mature age—that their appreciation is amongst the sensibilities which, with advancing years, "fade into the light of common day." The youth of Italy were the stalwarts of Signor Mussolini's defensive forces. But it was a piece of great good fortune that liberated their energies. With amazing folly, the Socialists, by insulting soldiers in uniform, put the army against them. This opened the path to victory. For enthusiasm that can save the commonwealth is powerless before armed force.

The Canadian Nation

By Captain T. B. Trappes-Lomax

From the lone shieling of the misty island,
Mountains divide us, and the waste of seas;
Yet still the blood is strong, the heart is Highland,
And we in dreams behold the Hebrides!
Fair these broad meads, these hoary woods are grand,
But we are exiles from our father's land.

The "Canadian Boat Song,"
first published in "Blackwood's Magazine," 1829.

I.

GEOGRAPHY has treated Canada unkindly. By forcing her people into four areas separated from each other by great obstacles to communication, it has arrayed very strong forces against the formation of a well-knit national State. In the East you have the Maritime Provinces clinging to Quebec by the narrowest of corridors. Between the East and the West you have 700 miles of inhospitable and unpeopled country, so that one cannot motor from Toronto to Winnipeg without going through American territory. In the West the Rocky Mountains bar the way between Alberta and the coast. The immense distances (Montreal is closer to Liverpool than to Vancouver), with which a population but little larger than that of Greater London has to contend, embarrass government to an extent which it is difficult to realize. The expense of travel alone is a serious anti-national force. There is no capital, in the sense that London or Paris are capitals, able to focus national sentiment and activity. The Press is so localized that one must study half a dozen dailies to be well informed.

We habitually under-estimate the effect of all this, and especially of the gap between East and West, on Canadian life, and we shall go on doing so as long as we think of the country in terms of the ordinary atlas, which shows the North-West Territories as red as the country round Hamilton, but gives no accurate idea of where the people live. A sketch map, based on the 1921 census, would show to what an extent society is sectionalized. If the people were of one race, engaged in similar occupations, and felt

common economic needs, this initial disability would be less serious. But these conditions are not present. If we may judge how mixed a people is from the variety of languages which it speaks in its homes (for a man thinks in the language he naturally uses) we should note these figures. Of a total population (10 years of age and over) of 6,682,072, just over 4,000,000 or about two-thirds speak English; 1,757,193 speak French; 225,432, 187,347 and 103,977 speak respectively German,* Slav, and Scandinavian tongues.

Nor are these races spread evenly over the country, and so tending to fuse their identities. The French-Canadians, the most compact and largest minority in any country in the world, are concentrated in the Province of Quebec, of whose inhabitants they number 80 per cent. Except in business and upper social circles they mix little with their neighbours. They have their own religion, law, literature, and manner of living. "Lorsque les Canadiens français parlent d'eux mêmes, ils disent toujours 'Canadiens,' sans plus, et à toutes les autres races qui ont derrière eux peuplé le pays jusqu'au Pacifique ils ont gardé pour parler d'elles leurs appellations d'origine: Anglais, Irlandais, Polonais, ou Russes, sans admettre un seul instant que leurs fils, même nés dans le pays, puissent prétendre aussi au nom de 'Canadien.' C'est là un titre qu'ils se réservent tout naturellement et sans intention d'offense de par leur héroique anteriorité."—("Maria Chapdelaine," by Louis Hémon.)

The bulk of the German, Dutch, Slav, and Scandinavian settlers are in the three Prairie Provinces, and they all tend to group themselves protectively into communities. Here, too, especially in Saskatchewan and Alberta, are the bulk of the Americans, who are largely of Danish and Swedish origin. Since the census tables do not show Americans as such, but put them into their racial categories of English, Poles, etc., it is very difficult to get accurate figures for them. Yet it is well known that they comprise a considerable part of the population (I have heard it put as high as 40 per cent.). Their

* Since the 1921 Census, on which these figures are based, a mass immigration of Mennonites has taken place. They are a religious sect of Dutch and German origin, but domiciled since 1786 in S. Russia.

influence is republican and more égalitarian than is usual in Canada.

No one, of course, tries to conceal the conflicting economic interests which separate Province from Province. It was these which filled speech and Press alike during the days which preceded the last general election.

Nova Scotians are questioning the usefulness of a political union which handicaps their maritime trade and in which they continue to lose their representation, owing to the fall in the population of their own Province and to the increase in that of others.

Ontario and Quebec fight an uphill battle against the industries of the States and insist upon a protected Canadian market in order to continue it. They wish to supply the West with machinery and implements, which the West would prefer to buy more cheaply elsewhere. They can back their economic needs by a political predominance at Ottawa, which they owe less to the intrinsic superiority of their claim than to their larger population. In contrast with the twentieth-century development of the Prairie Provinces, they are an old civilization and enjoy what that can offer in prestige, experience, and solidity. They have in Ottawa the machinery of national government and what that confers in employment and special treatment. They have Montreal, the New York of Canada, and what that stands for in finance.

The Prairie Provinces are jealous of all these things. They possess what, after all, is the country's staple industry —her wheat—and they feel that it entitles them to greater consideration than they receive. Their population has come to them to wrest a living from the soil, and, like all agricultural communities, is too subject to the caprice of Nature. If they are not faced with a bad harvest, they fear a too-successful one and the low world-price which follows. This makes them almost savagely eager to cut down their costs both of production and transport, and they fall foul of the East over both these issues by demanding freight subsidies and the lowest of tariffs. The first is well illustrated by the acute controversy over the Hudson Bay Railway. The second leads them to the idea of separate trade agreements to be put through by their own provincial Governments, possibly amalgamated

for the purpose. They also feel they have a grievance against the Dominion Government over their natural resources. They point out, quite truthfully, that it has handed over the administration of Crown Lands (including forests) to every provincial Government but their own (and to a lesser degree to British Columbia), and they assert that it does not adequately protect the properties to which it selfishly clings.

British Columbia shares this grievance and feels also that its own particular problem of Japanese and Chinese immigrants is ignored at Ottawa.

All these centrifugal tendencies are constantly at work and it is unfortunate that the racial, economic, and geographical factors should so often overlap and so draw strength, the one from the other.

. . . . . .

The United States are the supreme example of nothing succeeding like success. Their citizens have achieved a greater measure of prosperity than you will find anywhere else in the world, by virtue of very great inventive genius, a climate in which one can hardly slack, and a rigid determination in the pursuit of gain. They number 115,000,000. It would be surprising if the Canadians, who are only 9,000,000 in all and share a 4,000 mile frontier, were not influenced through an intercourse which is necessarily continual and one-sided. In manner of life the similarities are obvious, e.g. in town planning, house architecture, railway travel, motor cars, iced water, food, the written and spoken word, shoe-parlours, hotel management, domestic economy (e.g. the house furnace, servants) currency, clothes, electrical equipment. The parallel works itself out, too, in many collective activities: in games, in university life, in lunch clubs, in trade union organization.

There is a large drain upon Canadian man-power, since people tend to move into the higher of two wage markets, and the rapid development of American industries and lands has placed that market in the States. They are a kind of labour-vacuum into which Canadians are constantly flowing. The unhappy Quota Law accelerates that flow, since it regulates the supply from Europe, but not from Canada. It is thought that as

many as 400,000 Canadians have left their country for the States since 1921; and though one must set against this the reverse flow* due to the relative cheapness of land in the Prairie Provinces as compared with Minnesota, Iowa and Dakota, it remains true that Canada is increasingly down on balance.

Comparable to this drain upon Canada's man-power is the drain upon her natural resources. The export of electric energy to the States has risen from 538,331,425 kilowatt hours in 1911 to 1,400,231,340 in 1924. How wasteful this is may be judged from the following figures which are based upon an analysis of all public utilities in the States and show the proportion, as regards money invested, men employed and wages paid between the area where the power is developed and the area where it is applied and used. The figures are calculated on 1,000 h.p.

	Investment Cost.	Per Cent.	No. of Employees.	Per Cent.	Wages Total.	Per Cent.
Development	$ 250,000	13·4	8·6	2·2	$ 13,350	2·3
Application and use.	$1,611,000	86·6	376·4	97·8	$557,750	97·7
Total ..	$1,861,000	100	385	100	$571,100	100

Canada, in other words, is forgoing about 90 per cent. of the benefit in investment and employment which she could obtain from the electrical energy which she now exports. The other serious wastage is in the products of her forests. In 1923, 2,000,000,000 ft. of sawn lumber was sent into the States; in 1924, 30 per cent. of the country's total production of raw timber took the same journey and 678,000 tons of pulp—the former to be made into pulp, the latter into paper. Both operations can quite well be done in Canada and so employ Canadians. When it is remembered that as much wood is burnt annually by forest fires as is cut, and since it is known that the forests do not remake themselves by a natural process except very slowly, and that even then the trees are poor, it will be seen that Canada is living on her capital to a

* The figures of immigrants from the States have fallen steadily from 71,000 in 1918 to 16,000 in 1925.

dangerous extent. It is only because the Americans made this same mistake in the past that they find themselves compelled to rely on Canadian forests now.* Aluminium is another case in point. Since 1923 Canada has exported only $161,636 worth of manufactured aluminium to the States and has allowed $5,299,528 worth to go there in its unmanufactured state.

The very proximity of the two countries gives a natural bias to trade between them. 67·3 of Canada's imports come from the United States and 41·2 of her exports go to them. The existence of this trade compels the weaker to adopt the stronger's trading customs and rules. American designs in machinery, jigs, girders and constructional pieces of all kinds have become standardized in Canada. This has had the further result that the Canadian mechanic has been educated to the use of American machine tools. And so the vicious circle is established.

Again, there is not a large enough population in Canada to enable her newspaper proprietors to pay for lengthy cables from Great Britain. As a result they have gone in with the big American Press Agencies, so that much of the news which one reads in Canadian papers has been edited for American consumption. For example, while I was in Canada nearly all the news from Great Britain consisted of the Communist and Trade Union threat, only because the American public liked to read that England was in difficulties. It is true that some of the bigger Canadian papers, such as the *Montreal Star*, are developing the use of special correspondents; there is also a purely Canadian Agency (The Canadian Press Limited, Reuter's Building) in London, but even so the Americans exert undue influence.

But the most obvious way of all in which American pressure is brought to bear is by way of invested capital. There are now in Canada three hundred thousand million American dollars ($300,000,000,000). In the train of these dollars come, of course, American factories, directors, lawyers, insurance agents, bond houses, workmen,

* Angry references were made in Congress in December 1925, *à propos* of the Canadian agitation for manufacture of pulp and paper within Canada.

technical experts, foremen and all the rest. Many Canadians are asking themselves what this unprecedented invasion bodes for their country. It is perhaps the topic which one hears most continually discussed.

Undoubtedly it has certain advantages. It provides the means of developing what otherwise might go a-begging. It provides employment. Its owners require it to be fruitful, and this means a fillip to industry. But there are grave drawbacks. The factories are established either to defeat the Canadian tariff or to benefit by British and Imperial preferences. In the first case they undersell the products of Canadian factories, in the second they impose upon the British and Imperial customer. Quite apart from a natural tendency to give the legal work, the engineering contracts, the insurance, etc., to their own countrymen, the predominantly American directorates are dangerous, since they receive their instructions from abroad. They may see fit to bring pressure to bear upon Members of Parliament, upon Cabinet Ministers, upon permanent officials to get obnoxious legislation shelved, and they have a lever ready to their hand in the sectional interests of the Canadians themselves. Further, they may appeal to their affiliated concerns and to their general headquarters within the States. If these can prevail upon the Administration in Washington to intervene (and it is notorious how difficult it is for Governments to refrain from supporting the commercial interests of their subjects) you have all the conditions of a first-class international dispute.

A similar, though not exactly parallel, case did actually occur during the war. The Dominion Government made application to a concern within the United States for the return of a loan of electric power, on the ground that it required it for war purposes. The concern referred the application to Washington, and the latter, though it did not dispute the legal right of the Dominion, declared that it would regard the pressing of the claim as an unfriendly act.

The invasion can hardly be turned back; but that is the greater reason for Canadians and ourselves to recognize precisely in what the danger lies.

(*To be continued.*)

Pictures Unsold and Songs Unsung

An Interesting Experiment

By George Lynch

SIR JOSEPH DUVEEN in a recent correspondence with the Premier, says :—

> What is the condition of British contemporary art? It is of finer quality all round than at any time since the eighteenth century. Never did we possess more excellent artists in almost every branch of art than to-day. The pity is that at no time did artists in this country receive less practical support than now. . . . Is it not possible to set on foot a movement and thus give to the noble art of our country an impulse of which it stands in sore need?

The problem of how to dispose of the immense number of pictures painted annually by artists is one of annual cumulating difficulty. Last year 11,000 pictures were rejected from the Royal Academy alone. In every one of the many shows that we see advertised under the heading of Art Exhibitions in the daily papers, only a small percentage of the pictures are sold. What becomes of the remainder? Hundreds of thousands of them are to be found stacked in the painters' studios. Over 12,000 pictures were offered at this year's Academy; 1,445 pictures and statues were exhibited, and only 235 sold.

Artists are faced with a difficult problem. They consider that selling so few pictures they must get good prices for those they do sell, and that unless they put the prices in the galleries fairly high they will only be accomplices in depreciating the value of their own work. Certainly no one is going to say, "So-and-so is asking too little for that beautiful picture of his; it is worth a lot more, which I mean to give him." The average type of successful painter—I do not now speak of outstanding talent—after years of artistic industry works up to such a point that he regularly gets a remunerative price for

his work, either from dealers or from those who like his pictures. Out of this he is quite content to make a steady and comfortable income. He must not break down his market price, however. Others are laboriously endeavouring to attain this remunerative standard, and he must be all the more careful.

The charge made against artists to account for the smallness of the market for their pictures has long been that their prices are too high. Over 300 artists combined in the month of June to challenge this indictment by holding an exhibition at the Spring Gardens Gallery, at which they offered their pictures without reserve, to be priced by the public. Practically all the pictures were sold, but none of the prices were sensational. The most striking feature was the bidding for the work of hitherto unknown, but very promising, artists, and the total results were considered so satisfactory that the exhibitors themselves have insisted on another show in December; many artists, who were sitting on the fence, doubtful as to the result of the first experiment, will contribute to the next. The organizers of this exhibition felt that it might appear to the public as an auction sale of practically unsaleable work if some artists of high standing did not take part in it. It was for this reason, and for this reason only, that men like Sir John Lavery, Julius Olsson, R.A., Charles Shannon, R.A., Alfred J. Munnings, R.A., Reid Dick, A.R.A., Albert Toft, and others contributed. Artists such as these have no difficulty in selling their works, and they were simply inspired by a feeling of helpful camaraderie, which was greatly appreciated, as it deserved to be. After this help to the initial effort there will not be the same necessity for calling on them again. Much may be learned from the experience gained. One thing is luminously obvious, that there is a big public prepared to buy pictures at moderate prices.

The system adopted for bidding at the Artists' Own Exhibition was that each picture had a cardboard slip attached to it, with the title of the picture, the name of the artist, and a transparent celluloid envelope, in which the bidding cards were placed. On the outside of the card was the price bid, on the reverse the name or identifying mark of the bidder. Going round the gallery every

visitor could see at a glance by the number of cards what picture had the greatest number of bids, and what the latest and highest price was. This acted as a guide, to a great extent, to those without sufficient confidence in their own artistic judgment. As one seafaring visitor very bluntly put it: "I don't know a blank about pictures, but I like that one, and think it is good, and if I am wrong I see there are six bally fools already who are of my opinion." Whereupon he went one better than the highest price in view.

As an instance of the stock of pictures held by some artists, the following extract from a letter is interesting:

"PICTURES BY 'X,' R.O.I., R.B.A.

No. 1. Exhibited (on the line) R.A., 1922. Catalogue price, £500.
No. 2. R.A., 1922. Catalogue price, £200.
No. 3. R.A., 1923. Catalogue price, £200.
No. 4. R.A., 1924. Catalogue price, £150.

"These four pictures are Sidfost Canvases, have been well hung in the R.A.; would take £150 for the four, or £40 net for any one of them. Another exhibited R.A. (big room), 1920, and at Wembley, 1925. Catalogue price, £300; would take £75."

The I.3.A.C., or Imperial Three Arts Club, which organized the Artists' Own Exhibition, is contemplating fresh developments in the direction of marketing pictures in provincial centres, such as Glasgow and Liverpool.

This Club is by no means confined to painters and sculptors, or, in fact, to professional artists of any kind, as it includes lovers of the arts and men and women of culture generally. Following on the success of the Artists' Own Exhibition, the musicians have recently started to get busy. There are probably as many composers who have fine songs unsung as there are artists who have pictures unsold, but the difficulty of bringing musical works to the ear of the public is much more in their case.

Large fortunes have been made out of solitary songs that have stirred the heart or taken the fancy of the public. The cost of having pictures hung is trifling compared with getting a song sung to a sufficiently large

number of people to start the demand for it. A musical committee of the I.3.A.C.—not too "high-brow"—has for some little time past been trying songs by unknown composers, and has just announced a competition. The secretary is Mr. F. C. Sterndale Bennett, 248 Gloucester Terrace, to whom all songs or inquiries should be sent. Parallel to the case of pictures this will be a selection committee (to a considerable extent a rejection committee), who will content themselves with submitting a certain number for the approbation of the public. The public will be the final court of appeal, and the prize song will be singled out by their vote by ballot.

Following out the principle of intimate co-operation between the arts, an opportunity of hearing the competing songs will be given at the Spring Gardens Gallery, while the exhibition is in progress, and a final deciding concert will be held there before its close.

Wonders can be accomplished by co-operation. The I.3.A.C. has just transformed a hotel in the Riviera into a country club house for the use of their members, who can reside and work there at a completely inclusive charge of from 32s. to 42s. per week. They have also produced wonderful picture frames which are sold to their members at from 22s. to 28s.

At the next exhibition all the recent books of the author members will be on view, and orders for them can be taken on the spot. Songs and musical pieces by members will be displayed on the same principle.

The strong belief and guiding principle of the club are faith and trust in the taste of the people—"securus judicat orbis terrarum."

Of the thousands of mockers at Wagner's first productions in London how many would have dreamed that an audience of clerks and little *bourgeoisie* at the Queen's Hall now vote for his works above all others?

The exhibitors of the I.3.A.C. trust that whatever works of theirs they may offer will not be "too bright or good for human nature's daily food."

Music and Poetry

By Leonard Schapiro

Music and poetry have of all the arts most often been wedded, but how often has the unison proved happy? One feels more often than not that the one is sacrificed to the aggrandizement of the other, and the victim, we fear, is too frequently poetry. An ardent lover and admirer of opera, I must yet admit that I have enjoyed this or that opera solely for its music and its dramatic value, that the poetry has been quite lost, perhaps owing to the imperfect elocution of the artist. No reason has ever been offered for this apparent conflict between music and poetry, which so seldom results in harmony. Yet that harmony can be the result has been proved by Schumann at least, who has joined Heine's lyrics with the most beautiful music and, like a painter blending his colours, has produced something that contains the beauties of both and is yet nearer perfection than either by itself, notably "Du bist wie eine Blume."

It has often been well pointed out that music has this in common with poetry, that it depends upon progression for its enjoyment; that whereas a picture can be judged as a whole before the details are studied, a poem or a symphony must be evolved before the listener word by word and note by note, until the last has been reached. But the vital conclusion has not been drawn, and that is that both music and poetry depend on motion almost entirely for their existence. Now in music, motion is not merely a matter of "keeping time," i.e. obeying the metronome. The motion in music is a vitalizing and pulsating element; music is like the human body, an engine that depends upon continual breathing and blood-circulation for its creative power. A musical note is itself formed by a certain definite number of vibrations, and the note varies as this number increases or decreases. Further, a musical work is divided into a certain number of bars, and each bar contains a definite number of beats. Within these bars are operating a succession of phrases,

each phrase progressing in constant motion from its beginning to its climax; the progression may be one of ascending or descending tone, a *crescendo* or *diminuendo*, but it may also be a harmonic progression owing its motion to a constantly changing harmonic setting: more often it is both. But what is of real importance is that this progression, this motion or pulse, is the force that animates the whole symphony or sonata: not the dead metronomic time-beat but the living rhythmic progression *within* the bars and beats. A symphony may be analysed thus and be found to depend on motion for its entity: each phrase contains its climax (this climax need not necessarily be a tone climax, but may be an emotional climax), and is hence a succession of steps or rhythm units; these phrases form a chain in the progression that determines each movement; the four movements in themselves form a progression, an emotional progression for example from human happiness to divine as in the Fourth Symphony of Beethoven.

In poetry we can trace an exact parallel. As the symphony, the poem contains a number of lines, and each line contains a certain number of feet and syllables. But within these syllables and lines there is the progression of phrases or ideas forming the continuous motion. Let us consider a few lines of Keats:—

> Thou still unravish'd bride of quietness,
> Thou foster-child of silence and slow time,
> Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
> A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme. . .

Some may urge that the beauty is in the scansion of the line. But let the lines be read aloud (as indeed should all poetry), and the rhythmic accent, the "pattern" of Prof. Mackail, disappears to give way to a new phrasing, voice modulation, cumulation of ideas, progression of thoughts; thus, if well read, there would be no break between "express" and "a flowery tale," since they belong to the same musical phrase, even though it begins and ends in different bars. Again, a good reader will quite unconsciously read the second line with different intonation from the first, just as a good pianist will never play a repeated phrase exactly the same as the first, but will give it variety of tone, or perhaps a slight rubato.

The voice will pause naturally at "silence" and "historian" and quite unconsciously, as the good rubato pianist, hasten the end of the line to keep the rhythmic balance. The parallel is complete; but in the present poem we can press it even further, since each stanza forms a movement, as in the symphony, and the five stanzas, as the four movements, are connected by a steady emotional progression of one thought to another, of one aspect to another.

To enhance the parallel the choice of *tempo* should be noticed. The musician has a choice of *tempi* to express different emotions, but then so has the poet. Can anyone deny the *tempo prestissimo* of Catullus' "Attis"?

> Super alta vectus Attis celeri rate maria
> Phrygium ut nemus citato cupide pede tetigit. . . .

The excess of short syllables lends itself to fast delivery. Or, to cull once more from the Latin poets, who more than any understood the music of their rhythms, what *andante maestoso* is more heavily or tragically impressive than these lines from the fourth book of the "Æneid":—

> At trepida et coeptis immanibus effera Dido
> Sanguineam volvens aciem, maculisque trementis
> Interfusa genas, et pallida morte futura,
> Interiora domus irrumpit limina et altos
> Conscendit furibunda rogos. . . .

or again, an *allegro ma non troppo*:—

> O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms
> Alone and palely loitering?
> The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
> And no birds sing.

But it is from the emotional side, and not the technical, that the parallel should more aptly be sought. Now the musician and poet both seek to express their emotion through a finer medium than daily speech: the one chooses sounds, the other the language of poetry. But what is the mysterious property of poetry? What is there in it to delight us that could not be expressed in prose? The sensuous pleasure we derive from poetry could all be derived from prose; our main delight cannot lie in mere sentences fitted into a rhythmic frame. The

pleasure we derive from the colour, fragrance or other æsthetic properties of a poem we could derive much the same from prose description—as indeed we do from the prose poems of Lessing or Turgenev, or the "Song of Songs," or even such miniature works as the "Contes" of Regnier.

But poetry has a property of its own to which prose cannot aspire, a mysterious property that leaves its delicate aroma on the words that build it. Surely the poet must have been aware of it, just as the musician is aware of his music, though the inspiration of both be granted as unconscious? The poet and musician are both inspired with what has been called the "music of the spheres"; the musician transmuted his to quavers and crotchets and notes, the poet to words which are as far removed from the vulgar use of words as music is from primitive sound, such as the modulation of voice pitch of daily talk. If, then, the music came to the poet, "but he knew it not" and unconsciously gave birth to words, surely by reversing the process we can recover the music of the spheres? The experiment is not so hard as first appears; let us take a poem, again from Keats:—

O, for a draft of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O, for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainéd mouth;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim . . . .

Let us read it and enjoy the æsthetic emotions it stirs; "sunburnt mirth," "cool'd in the deep-delvéd earth," "a beaker full of the warm South"; let us revel in the exquisite conscious artistry of "beaded bubbles winking at the brim." Then let us learn it by heart: let us repeat it over and over again, till the sensuous pleasures of fragrance and colour cloy, and the words begin quite unconsciously to form on our lips. Gradually they will lose their conscious meaning and pass into the unconscious, there to stir such associations as they can. Then

slowly we shall hear the melody they conceal, we shall hear the music of the spheres and be initiated into the mystery. Or another poem, once more from Catullus:—

Miser Catulle, desinas ineptire
Et quod vides perisse perditum ducas.
Fulsere quondam candidi tibi soles
Cum ventitabas quo puella ducebat,
Amata nobis quantum amabitur nulla.
Ibi illa multa tum iocosa fiebant
Quae tu volebas nec puella nolebat.
Fulsere vere candidi tibi soles.

Let us repeat the experiment; we shall find it easier in this case, because Catullus is a greater master of metre than Keats, and, moreover, his language was better suited for versification. Or, to cull from that garden of perfect flowers, the "Greek Anthology," a little poem of Callimachus:—

Εἰπέ τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τεὸν μόρον, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ
ἤγαγεν, ἐμνήσθην δ' ὁσσάκις ἀμφότεροι
Ἥλιον ἐν λέσχῃ κατεδύσαμεν · ἀλλά σὺ μέν που
ξεῖν' Ἁλικαρνησεῦ, τετράπαλαι σποδίη,
Αἱ δὲ τεαὶ ζώουσιν ἀηδόνες ἧσιν ὁ πάντων
ἁρπακτὴρ Ἀΐδης οὐκ ἐπὶ χεῖρα βαλεῖ.

We can love it for its gentle pathos, its tender, plaintive, refrain, but we can only truly appreciate its greatness if we listen for its music.

Thus, with this idea in view, we can understand better the mystery of the perfect song, as an example of which I chose above Heine's lyric set to music by Schumann, "Du bist wie eine Blume." The mystery is now solved; Schumann listened for the music of the poem; he heard it, and instead of transmuting it to words he transmuted it to music. The two together thus form a perfect harmonious blend of two arts—the interpretation of an emotion into poetry and music at once, by so exquisite a medium as a human voice. One might almost say that Heine wrote the music himself, or rather that the music was Heine's and Schumann's the hand that wrote it. A true poem might almost be said to be its own musical accompaniment; but the reader of poetry has still to learn to listen for the music of the spheres with the ear of his unconscious self.

Psycho-Analysis

By Joseph Shaw Bolton, M.D., D.Sc., F.R.C.P.Lond.

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If it had been broadcasted from the specialty of mental diseases a generation or more ago, the term "psycho-analysis" would have meant "mind-examination," exactly as such a word as "pneumo-analysis" if introduced by chest specialists might mean "chest examination." The term, however, has another very special meaning which I shall detail later, and its introduction into everyday use is due also to special causes, in particular to the Great War.

Even in this twentieth century the specialty of alienism is still in popular opinion a horrid one. Sufferers from mental disease are still regarded as lepers, and they are thought to be kept apart, not as mentally enfeebled persons needing care, but in order to keep secret unendurable horrors of behaviour or suffering.

When the war broke out and when thousands and tens of thousands of brave lads became some insane, others hysterically amnesic from sheer fear, who could believe that their condition was in any way connected with mental disease? Popular opinion would not allow the maimed heroes who went out to uphold the honour of Britain to be so maligned. Hence a new terminology and fancied new methods of treatment. The incurable insane nevertheless drifted into mental hospitals and very many of the purely functional cases recovered, sometimes spontaneously, usually under the influence of some form or other of suggestion.

Whether the patient believes he is well simply because he is told so by a person in whom he has faith, whether he accepts as true an explanation of his illness which in reality may or may not be correct, or whether as a consequence of treatment which he understands imperfectly or not at all, he is satisfied that he is cured—in any of these cases he *is* temporarily, at any rate, cured.

This is elementary truth to experienced members of

the specialty, but represents new discovery of vast import to the tyros who left us for active service and to numbers of specialists who have never seen the inside of a mental hospital. To many such the term "psycho-analysis" bears no sinister significance and they honestly believe that "psycho-therapy" is a different thing from the sympathetic study and treatment of mental cases which have been the life work of alienists during the past century.

After this short description of the origin of the vogue of psycho-analysis, I will now endeavour to explain exactly what this means. As this is a medical article, published in the lay Press, I shall omit the source of any quotation I may insert. I do this in deference to a recent authoritative letter to the Press which has made it clear that the practising psycho-analyst thinks he cannot defend himself without the risk of a charge of professional advertising being brought against him before the General Medical Council.

What is psycho-analysis? The method was originated by a distinguished Moravian of Jewish extraction named Freud, and is based on his study of dreams and his vaunted discovery of the "unconscious mind."

There exists in all of us an incomplete record—largely time-related—of past experience and knowledge. This mental stock-in-trade of the individual—an inchoate mass of potential memories of variable utility—is, however, in no sense a mind, although as aroused by volition, sensory stimulation or mental association it is an important part of the raw material of thought.

What, then, is the "unconscious mind" or "the unconscious" of the Freudians? It is a theoretical entity in every one of us of which we are not aware but which exerts a truly remarkable influence over our thoughts and actions. We are not in reality our own conscious selves; we are actually mere conscious ghosts who think and act as the unconscious marionettes of a dread power whose existence and influence date from infancy—nay, from pre-natal life.

Freud, so far as I am aware, has never defined "the unconscious," though he has quite enough to say about it as an entity perpetually warring against the "conscious mind," and kept from the knowledge of this by a

mythical entity, the "censor" or "censure"—presumably a sort of Mrs. Grundy. Freud even goes farther in order to make his theory fit the facts (since a large part of our mental stock-in-trade can be voluntarily recalled), and splits "the unconscious" into the "unconscious," a sort of nethermost devil beyond conscious knowledge, and the "preconscious" a kind of familiar devil who can be aroused if one dares. This necessitates the existence of an "endopsychic censor" between the "unconscious" and the "preconscious" in order that his human demoniacal mechanism may show a semblance of completeness. In cases where this interesting mechanism goes wrong the psycho-analyst is called in to exorcise the censors, and under his suggestion to allow the conscious mind (say, of a young girl) to become flooded with a stream of primitivity and sex-knowledge which, in his opinion and under his explanations, will cause cure. Rasputin is reputed to have bade his followers to "sin and be saved"; the pyscho-analyst tells his patient to "know, believe, and be cured." Education in the fruit of the tree of life is given by the psycho-analyst, and his mature experience is at the disposal of the patient in order that the needful mental readjustments may be performed.

These are serious statements, but they are not made without a full sense of responsibility, and I shall now proceed to justify them. What is "the unconscious"?

> On tracing the unconscious thoughts as far as possible—using a technique, known as psycho-analysis, specially devised for the purpose—he (Freud) found himself in a strange mental world quite foreign to that of consciousness, and to this he refers under the name of "the unconscious." On then studying the characteristics of this buried stratum of the mind, he found that it was extremely primitive in nature, and closely akin to the mind both of the infant and of the savage.

What I call the nethermost demon therefore exists in Freud, at any rate, and one may presume also in his followers. The following is a description of this mythical entity:

> The preceding description may be summarized in a single statement: According to psycho-analysis, the unconscious is a region of the mind, the content of which is characterized by the attributes of being repressed, conative, instinctive, infantile, unreasoning, and predominantly sexual. A typical example of an unconscious mental process, illustrating all of these, would be the wish of a little girl that

her mother might die so that she could marry her father. The six attributes in question, together with others not here mentioned, make up a constant and clearly defined conception of the unconscious which is formulated on the basis of experience that may at any time be tested.

I will at once proceed to test this conception. The example given illustrates the Œdipus complex, the second great discovery of Freud.

"Œdipus, son of Laius, king of Thebes, killed his father and married his mother Jocasta. Every son, so Freud teaches, is jealous of his father and loves his mother. Every daughter, adds Jung, inverting the parable, loves her father and is jealous of her mother—as in the case of Electra. The theory of the Œdipus complex has supplied the energy which has driven Freud's triumphal car round the world."

As I understand the conception of the unconscious and the example cited:

1. The little girl *does not know* that she wishes to marry her father. (Repressed.)

2. She actually *wishes* to marry her father. (Conative.)

3. It is an *instinct* to want to marry one's father. (Instinctive.)

4. *Young children* in particular want to marry their fathers. (Infantile.)

5. The child presumably *knows* what she wants. (Unreasoning.)

6. The little girl has sexual desire for her father. (Predominantly sexual.)

My only comment is that I hope the little child will be content to *wish* that her mother will die.

Having indicated what the Freudians mean by the unconscious mind I will now give such evidence of its malignant activities as can safely be printed in a non-medical journal.

There is no such thing as chance. Our will is not free. The conscious thinks, but the unconscious directs. We make mistakes, slips of the tongue, we pick up the wrong thing, we forget, because the unconscious has a will of its own which differs from our conscious will; and because the unconscious does as it pleases with us when our strictly logical attention lapses for a moment.

The mind, at its deeper levels, is not only malicious; at these levels the law of retaliation prevails with inexorable force. An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth would seem to have been the most primitive,

the most elemental, notion of justice. The conscience of the unconscious is so strict that it is apt, in accordance with the law of retaliation, to sentence the offender to suicide for crimes that have been committed only in the imagination.

Very remarkable is the mechanism which works so as to win pleasure without incurring blame (Stekel). When a woman who is sexually assaulted faints, the working of such a mechanism is obvious. She ought to resist to the uttermost for the sake of her "honour." The faint relieves her of this responsibility.

I now come to actual psycho-analysis, the weapon of the Freudians. Is it easy to learn and safe to practise?

Not only is the technique of psycho-analysis extremely difficult, requiring years of practice to attain proficiency therein, but each individual case requires an enormous amount of time. Even in the hands of the great masters of psycho-analysis the shortest cases take an hour a day for three months and some take an hour a day for three years.

It is extraordinary that a procedure needing such time and experience for its satisfactory execution is so widely attempted and so commonly spoken of as a routine method of treatment. What happens to all the experimental patients? One presumes that the hiding of their wounds in secret is a sufficient compensation. Not only is psycho-analysis difficult in technique and wasteful of time but :—

Analyses extending back into the days when the patient was in his mother's womb are an heroic undertaking. Freud's incomparable patience, thanks to which he has made some of his most splendid discoveries, is a glorious achievement of the human spirit. But this is not a road along which all the lesser analysts should try to follow him.

Further, the influence of the psycho-analyst on his patient is not only considerable, but it would be regarded by many people as actually dangerous.

In his unconscious, he terms the physician his father, his brother, his friend, nay, more, the unconscious ignores differences of sex. The physician is his mother, his sister, his inamorata. He loves the analyst, or hates him, according to the nature of the repressed experiences for which the analyst acts as a substitute.

Fancy the risk of subjecting an innocent young girl at the susceptible age of puberty to psycho-analysis.

According to psycho-analysis mental symptoms and hysterical fancies are caused by the failure of the "censor" to control the activities of the "unconscious mind." The former does his best, but "the unconscious" is

continually passing up its disreputable goods in disguised form by the employment of numerous ingenious devices. According to Freud it is necessary "to discover the *latent* dream content, which far surpasses the *manifest* dream content in point of significance."

"The unconscious" therefore practises such contrivances as distortion, symbolism, condensation, displacement, transformation to opposite, subtraction, inversion, and secondary elaboration. If black appears white, it is only because in this instance white means black; if the positive turns up wrongly, it is only because in this instance it really represents the negative; if the matter is entirely irrelevant, this merely means that something has been substituted by the "unconscious mind" because the mental Cerberus, lying wakeful between it and the "conscious mind," has first to be deceived in order that the poor unfortunate conscious mind may be disturbed by thoughts too wicked for Mrs. Grundy to permit, and—mark well the point—too obscure for it to understand till they are interpreted by the psycho-analyst. Personally, I am sure that by the use of half of these methods I could get anything whatever out of any dream.

One example of these methods of manipulation will suffice for my purpose.

> One night he dreamed that he was vainly trying to find his old home in a certain street where he had lived until about the age of seven. After considerable difficulty he managed, however, to recognize the door number and joyfully exclaimed, "Yes, that's it, number 72." He then woke up. Now, in reality, the number of the house in question was 243, as he at once recollected when awake, and as I took the trouble to verify by asking a relative of his. . . . .
>
> We begin with 72, the erroneous number in the dream. To this he remarked that 72 equals 36 by 2; 72 was the age at which his grandmother, of whom he had been specially fond, had died, 36 was the age at which his mother had died, 2 was the only numeral common to the correct and the false numbers of the house, 243 and 72. There were two people for whom his imagination longed, both represented by the age at which they had died.

This remarkable example of manipulation can be multiplied indefinitely from psycho-analytic literature, and is, in fact, a very ordinary instance. I chose it because it strikingly reminded me of a well-known story. It concerns the discovery of a cryptogram which reveals

the "true authorship" of the Psalms. These are generally attributed to King David, but from this cryptogram it would appear that Shakespeare is the real author. Here is the "proof." The name "Shakespear" consists of ten letters; four of these are vowels, and six consonants; 4 and 6 written together make 46. Therefore: turn to Psalm 46, and as there are ten letters, to verse 10 of that Psalm. Count six words from the beginning of this verse, and we get "I am." Next count six words from the end of this verse, and we get "will." Then count forty-six words from the beginning of the Psalm, and we get "Shake," and counting forty-six words from the end, neglecting "selah," which does not belong to the text, we get "spear." We have thus deciphered the cryptogram: "I am Will Shakespear, the author of the Psalms."

If one believes the former of these quotations, why not the latter? Apart altogether from the doubtful nature of the methods just referred to, the explanations given by psycho-analysts of ordinary matters of fact or knowledge often seem to the ordinary mind obviously wrong and even grotesque. One must presume, in fact, that familiarity with such is necessary in order that eventually belief may be induced. The majority of psycho-analytic explanations are unfortunately of so sexual a nature that it is difficult to select examples devoid of offence and at the same time sufficiently instructive. The following quotations will, I hope, serve my purpose:

> The supposedly accidental breakages by domestic servants supply another example. The servant would never admit, even to herself, that the breakage was intentional; but it gratifies some unconscious wish, such as reduction of labour, tending to equalize the property of herself and her employer, personal revenge, or some such kindred unconscious desire.
>
> Many women wear painfully tight shoes, corsets, or gloves for the sake of the sensual effect produced by such articles of clothing.
>
> A young lady was secretly engaged to a medical man, whom we will call Arthur X. She addressed a letter one day, not to Dr. Arthur X, but to Dear Arthur X, thus expressing her desire to let all the world know of their relationship.
>
> Another was a healthy girl of eighteen who suddenly developed a severe neuralgia round her left eye after an insult from her landlady. At a single sitting this was dispelled: the neuralgia turned out to be a symbolized "smack in the eye."
>
> When the busy man comes to us complaining of strange cardiac sensations, or of being irritable with his wife, we no longer tell him that

he is overworked, and advise him to take his wife for a week-end to Brighton; we find that his cardiac symptom is an excuse for not carrying through some business enterprise of which he is afraid, or that he has been unduly familiar with his typist, and is trying to justify himself by finding such fault with his wife which will reconcile his conscience to the situation.

It is, of course, clear that no two analysts—of dreams or minds—are likely to hit upon the same interpretation, though obviously, like palmists and soothsayers, they will never fail to impress their clients.

However, it does not matter much which method of interpretation you adopt, it will always do the patient good, because it will make him examine himself.

Personally my greatest trouble in the treatment of patients is my frequent inability to *prevent* this very examination of themselves. The man who is his own lawyer usually has a fool for his client.

Hitherto I have written words—I have excited prejudice—against a mythical system of pseudo-psychology which I believe to be harmful and dangerous in its practical application. Is it possible to produce concrete facts—definite proofs—that the basis of the practice of psychoanalysis is mythical? I propose to devote the remainder of my article to this purpose.

In the present state of knowledge such proof is necessarily of an anatomical and physiological character: it concerns the mode of growth of the brain and the manner in which its functional activity becomes evolved.

The Freudians trace back to infancy and even to intrauterine life—"heroic undertaking"—our main tendencies and the causes of our actual behaviour.

In the year 1898 Freud made a third great discovery. He showed that our sexual life begins at birth, and not, as had generally been supposed, at puberty.

Freud once maintained that the process of birth, the infant's forcible passage through the narrows of the pelvic outlet, was the primary cause of the emotion of anxiety. He still held this opinion in 1923.

Freud, as his autobiography throughout shows, traces his ambition and his disabilities, coloured by ideas of anti-Semitic persecution, to his presumed quarrels *during the first three years of his life* with his nephew John, a boy a year older than himself.

This childish relation has constantly determined my later feelings in my intercourse with persons of my own age.

I will give but one more extract, this time from a recent publication. The writer, an individual with a "depressed attitude towards the world," after over 500 hours spent on free-associations, evolved the following:

Once when (from his remembered size and the type of clothes he was wearing and the fact that he could only just walk at the time) he was probably only between eleven and fourteen months old, he was sitting on a woman's knee, when he reached up with both hands towards her right breast (she was wearing a green-coloured blouse at the time). [From this fact the writer concludes that the woman must have been a visitor to the house as, according to his mother, any nursemaid and all the servants always wore a kind of uniform.] Doubtless this action was associated with the just previously passed weaning process.

However, when his hands were nearly fully extended, the woman hit them back very sharply and violently indeed with repeated blows of the palm of her right hand, causing very considerable pain and aching to his hands and knuckles and along his small arms, which pain lasted for some considerable time. The writer feels now that he felt it at the time a great shame that this big, strong woman should hurt him so painfully when he was so small and defenceless. This feeling would be made worse if he regarded her as his protector and as a substitute for his mother. It is possible that he could not really have thought all this at the age of a year, but unconsciously interpreted his feeling later on when such ideas became possible to him though before the memory was recovered in consciousness by free-association.

This action on the woman's part was followed by very considerable fear and repressed dislike and distrust of servants and women generally on his part. It seems to the writer that the foundations of misogyny might easily often arise in some such way as this. . . . .

By following this process, he has subsequently been able to recollect a still earlier incident which happened when he was only six months old, and the recollection of this still earlier incident and the working off of the associated emotion has been followed by a further increase in cheerfulness.

At the risk of fatiguing the reader, I add a short further extract which gives the result which followed the recovery of the memory of his smacking :—

When a recognition of his great fear of the woman in this situation gradually came fully to light in analysis, he thought that it would be impossible to work off this effect fully, or did not see at all how this was to be done. However, in the course of the free-associations this fear . . . very rapidly became completely changed into the apparently entirely different emotion of great anger and indignation . . . However, after a number more free-associations, he went for the punching-ball standing in his study, endeavouring to imagine it might be the woman, and hit it repeatedly with very great violence—about three times harder than he had ever hit it before in punching practice—and

so much so that it touched the floor each time. After doing this a number of times, his indignation about the pain caused to his hands when he was quite helpless seemed somewhat relieved, but even then not fully dissipated.

The writer states that he has become very much more cheerful since his (supposed) recovery of the incidents referred to from the limbo of his forgotten experience.

I can now, after these extracts from psycho-analytic literature, put the question whether pre-natal experience is possible and whether experience during the first two or three years of life is of appreciable value, and I can unhesitatingly, on the basis of certain anatomical and physiological truths which can be verified by any expert, reply to it by an absolute negative.

The great brain is a mass of undifferentiated material up to the middle of the pre-natal period of life. From this time to birth differentiation of the neuroblasts into types takes place, and the brain as this occurs increases six-fold in size to a weight of approximately ten ounces.

During the first two years or so after birth the brain increases from the weight at birth no less than four-fold and to within half of the adult weight of the organ.

Analogies are notably misleading, but in a very general way the following is correct as a guide to my meaning. Imagine a highly elaborate electric station of almost unthinkable complexity, for the brain contains hundreds of thousands of millions of nerve cells. At the period represented by birth, such a station would have been erected so far as the placing of its main machinery is concerned, but only a few tentative attempts at the linking together of the machinery would have been made.

At the period represented by three years of age such a station would actually have increased four-fold in size owing to the inconceivable mass of intricate leads which had been laid within and about it, and of cables which had been attached to it to receive and transmit energy.

By thinking in terms of this crude analogy the reader will perceive that brain function, and hence memory of experience, is impossible before birth; and that brain function is of a most elementary and experimental nature during the first three years of life, and memory is necessarily for practical purposes non-existent with regard to this period.

These statements are strictly true, but unfortunately this truth is not known to neo-psychologists at large, since few have had any expert practical experience of the subject under reference and most are disposed to scoff at actual visible anatomical truth as if it necessarily had no real connection with what we call mental phenomena.

Many persons can recall a number of striking visual or even auditory memories of their childhood's experience *down to three or four years of age*, but who can remember such from an earlier period? A simple test of understanding or intelligence in children of three to four years of age can be applied by anyone. Such children can " parrot " language easily and they uncannily remember and repeat days afterwards phrases which have attracted them, although they obviously do not understand their meaning. A child of three years can say, " 1, 2, 3, 4, 5," but it cannot be got to apply these numbers to the buttons on a coat for the purpose of counting them. A child of three or four is becoming a dangerous companion to those who have secrets to keep; a younger child is quite safe.

This lack of understanding, which is a necessary consequent to the rapidly growing and imperfect brain of the child, is of course the essential reason why memories are not stored. Such a child gains evanescent visual and auditory experience, but this, being stored *when understood* and not as crude experience, leaves no record.

Even the Freudian has to search his supposed " unconscious mind " for such supposed memories. Personally I am content to leave the psycho-analyst or his client to believe that he has found them, if he can gain any personal benefit from such beliefs.

One last word. Suppose the impossible were true, and experiences during the pre-natal period and during the first three years of life could be forgotten and could still exercise a disastrous influence on the future life of the individual, what is the conclusion which logically follows? All children should be kept in glass houses and everyone who smacked a child either in temper or for the purpose of correction should be sent to penal servitude or to a mental hospital! A bubble needs but one prick to ensure its collapse.

Lobb's Farm

By Laurence Kirk

SCATTERED here and there about this world, both in its big cities and its lonely places, there are a number of men, most of them old, all of them single, who are slowly plodding down the hill with the sun on their backs after having deliberately and consciously ruined their lives. They are strong men the ones I speak of, strong and straight and clean; for it is their force of character and unrelenting will that have been their downfall. They are courteous and just, giving every man his due and asking favours from no one; they are calm, serious, reserved; they are everything that is good, but, God, how hard they are! There is no good asking what made them like that, for they will never tell you; they will go on to the end telling no one, and asking no sympathy, hoping for nothing and regretting nothing. . . . They won't tell you, but if they did, you would find that the explanation was always the same. In each of those lives at some time there has been a deep injustice done—one word may have been sufficient; it left a burning sense of wrong, and the molten soul, plunged as it were suddenly into ice, is hardened for all time. The injustice is generally the injustice of love. But not always. There are other devastating wrongs.

Lobb—his name was Peter Lobb, but nobody had ever called him anything but just plain Lobb; Lobb was rather too serious as a young man to be really popular with people of his own age. But he was a good man to work. Perhaps it was that devotion to work and consequent neglect of amusement that made him a solitary, rather friendless individual. He was an engineer by trade, and still young when he went out to East Africa to work on Henry Lampton's estate. Lampton was a rich man, and his estate was a speculation; when Lobb first saw it, it was nothing more than several thousand acres of primeval forest. Lampton travelled out with him, and gave him a few general ideas as to how he wanted the land developed, then having handed over a minimum of tools

and stores, returned quickly to England. The task which Lobb was left to face was too colossal to contemplate. He might well have been contented to make a few spasmodic efforts at cultivation, and continue drawing his three hundred a year from his absent employer. But Lobb was not that sort. He set to it and worked, and worked, and worked; and once he found that he was beginning to make an impression on the place, nothing could stop him. He ploughed and cultivated, calculated, and ploughed and cultivated again. At the end of five years the place was unrecognizable. There were four thousand acres of coffee, three thousand acres of sisal, and he had already raised an experimental crop of rice. All this translated into ordinary terms meant that the estate was bringing in a profit of five thousand pounds a year. Nor was that all; Lobb's mining knowledge had led him to test certain deposits which he found on the estate, and the result showed unmistakable signs of copper.

It was the copper that brought Lampton out from England to investigate. Five years had made Lampton more portly than he used to be, just as they had made Lobb thin and wiry and brown. Lampton brought another man with him this time—a mining expert, Lobb supposed, but he did not know. Anyhow the three of them proceeded to make a tour of inspection. It took them several hours to walk round the estate, for though Lobb was worn out with fever, he was intensely proud of his work, and led them from one vantage point to another so that they could see exactly what had been done. They were a curious party: Lobb, an emaciated figure in a faded shirt and threadbare khaki shorts, striding on ahead, while Lampton and his companion, clothed in immaculate tussore, followed behind at a more gentlemanly pace.

"This is a new area under coffee," said Lobb as he led them to a further plantation. "It's going to do even better than the old as far as I can see. First crop this year. It's a new variety of plant I got—it seems to suit this soil better. You understand, of course, this is new ground; got nothing here last year. Now there are five hundred men working on it and a bumper crop coming on. I'm very pleased with it."

Lampton, as the owner and disposer of the profits, presumably was pleased too. But he didn't show it. He merely nodded and turned to his companion as he mopped his brow.

"Deuced hot, ain't it?" he said.

Lobb, a little disappointed, led them on to the next plantation, where Lampton again nodded at his explanations. After that, when Lobb proposed to continue the tour of inspection, he declined.

"Oh, I think that will be enough for to-day," he said.

"Yes, enough to get a good general idea," his companion echoed. "We can do the copper to-morrow morning."

So Lobb led them back to his house, the one thing on the estate which was poor in design and not in the best state of repair. It was also the one thing on which Lampton felt disposed to comment. He turned to his companion—all his remarks had been made to his companion, and not to Lobb.

"We'll have to get you something better than this to live in," he said.

The companion smiled.

Lobb, on the other hand, did not; on the contrary, he looked puzzled and a little grim.

It was not till they got inside and had been provided by Lobb with cool drinks that Lampton at last condescended to address Lobb direct.

"Well, Lobb," he said, leaning well back in his deck chair. "Well, Lobb, from what I see, I think you've really done very well. Yes, very well, indeed. I'm quite pleased. Here's twenty pounds for you. A present!"

"A——" Lobb exclaimed, but he got no further. He simply stood looking at the man in amazement. He saw his five years' struggle concentrated in that moment; five years of work, work and fever, and work again; five years in which he had produced out of nothing some fifteen thousand pounds for this employer who was now "quite pleased" and also quite ready, now that it was easy going, to put that other spotless dapper little man in his place.

"Here's twenty pounds for you. A present!"

Lobb continued to gaze at the figure reclining in the easy chair, the figure that proffered him the note for twenty pounds in its limp, soft hand. Then slowly, very slowly, for he was shivering from head to foot, Lobb went forward, took the note and tore it across into smaller and smaller pieces. After that he left his astounded employer, went into his room and shut the door. It only took him a few minutes to pack up his belongings, for they were few and well worn. His possessions, such as they were, were not more than he could carry; and he carried them, across the sitting-room, in front of the astonished Lampton and his astonished friend, through the ramshackle door, and down the blazing white road till he passed out of sight.

Lampton was very surprised. He sat in Lobb's deck chair and told his friend how very surprised he was. It was not till two years later that he was also sorry, for in two years under the new immaculate manager the estate was not bringing in any profits at all.

Lobb, in the meantime, went on down the blazing white road; once or twice he stopped for a moment to shift his pack from one shoulder to the other, and then went on again. At last, when he was well away from Lampton and all that belonged to Lampton, he put his pack down on the baked, dusty ground, and sat down and thought. And his thoughts were not pleasant thoughts. All the bitterness, all the disillusion, which in most lives is sprinkled drop by drop over an expanse of many years, had suddenly been emptied on his head in one intolerable moment. It might have affected him in many ways. Some would have turned to vice for consolation; some would have gone Bolshie; some would have cried; some cursed; some whined. But Lobb did none of these things. He sat still with his grim little face propped up on his thin brown hands, and he solemnly swore three things. Never more would he work for any man but himself; never more would he expect justice from mankind; never more would he give any human being the power to hurt him. Then, when he had sworn these three things, he picked up his pack, strugglingly heaved it on to his weary shoulders, and plodded slowly on—God knows where.

Nobody knows what happened to Lobb during the next six months. I don't think he knows himself. But when he at last emerged out of that impenetrable cloud which hides away the men who have gone under, he was wearing the same threadbare clothes, the same cracked boots; he had an old-fashioned rifle in his hand, and he was up in the forest hunting elephants. It was a slow, laborious, dangerous pursuit. But every now and again he won some ivory, and ivory could be sold for good money. Not that he was allowed to sell all the ivory he got; the Government always claimed one tusk from every elephant he killed. That was the law, and Lobb surrendered the hard-won tusks without asking himself what benefit that Government would give him in return, for he had ceased to expect justice from mankind.

He hunted elephants for five years, and by that time he knew every elephant by name in the vast forests between Nyassa and the Congo. Probably he would have continued hunting after that, for the life suited his curious solitary mood; but elephant hunters generally take something more than ivory away with them to remind them of their hunting, and so it was with Lobb. He at last cornered an old rogue elephant, an old, old elephant with centuries of cunning in its crafty brain; he got it, and it got him. He won those two immense tusks at the cost of his own right arm which was crushed to pulp. There were no doctors in the forest, so Lobb found his way to the nearest mission station, and the Father Superior cut it off with such implements as he had.

That ended Lobb's hunting, for he could no longer shoot. The ivory had not made him rich, but it had left him with a little money, enough to buy a small tract of land in Northern Rhodesia, where land could be bought at a shilling an acre. Thus he started out in middle life to develop his own land, just as he had started fifteen years earlier on Lampton's plantation. But it was a more difficult proposition. He did not possess Lampton's inherited racial gift for scenting where money was; he had nothing but an immense capacity for work, and he needed it. Coffee and rice were out of the question this time, for it would have cost more than the price of the coffee to convey it to the coast. The most he could hope

to do was to keep himself, and sell what was over to the few white people who lived in isolation at Samaka, twenty miles away. At the end of five years—Lobb's life seemed to run in periods of five years—we see him with his cottage perched up on the slope, from which he could see, on one side, his cattle kraals and his garden where he grew a curious assortment of lemons, potatoes, peas, mangoes, and pineapples; he also had some orange trees planted, but they would not bear fruit for another year. On the other side he looked over miles and miles of forest, streaked with the glossy shadows of the clouds, on to the distant rim of incredibly blue hills that shut in the horizon. That was Lobb's Farm. All his own. And for the first time in his life he was contented as well as determined.

All this time he had never swerved from his resolve never to do anything for anybody but himself. Then came the struggle—well, it didn't amount to a struggle really; but what a difference it might have made! It all arose out of his damaged shoulder. Lobb overdid it working on his farm; the old wound opened, he had to go into Samaka to have it seen to, and the person who saw to it was Muriel Lessing, the nurse at the hospital. Muriel was the hospital: she was doctor, matron, nurse, and everything else. She did up Lobb's shoulder and sent him away, telling him to be careful with it. Lobb, of course, couldn't be careful with himself; he didn't know how. He overdid it again in a few weeks, and was back at the hospital watching Muriel's quick fingers deftly repairing the damage. Muriel gave up telling him to be careful; it was waste of time, and she merely smiled when he came in the next time in his usual apologetic manner.

"What is it this time, Mr. Lobb?" she asked.

"The shoulder again," Lobb replied, as though it might equally well have been some entirely new complaint. "If you could just spare the time to fix it up, then I won't have to bother you again."

Again Muriel smiled. She liked Lobb with his weather-beaten little face and his retiring manner. They never conversed, unless perhaps a word about the weather. Lobb just sat watching her patch him up, and she just patched him up and let him go. He liked her quick,

confident movements, and she admired his stolid indifference to pain. Then he went away, and a month or two later the same thing would happen again.

Then one night when the short African twilight was turning to darkness there was a thing that had never happened before, a knock at Lobb's door. It was Muriel. She had been out two days' journey on foot to visit a farmer who had been gored by a buffalo, and then on the way back, after sending her carriers ahead with her tent and gear, she had missed the road and failed to find them. With the rapidly falling darkness she could not possibly reach Samaka that night. Could Lobb put her up?

"Yes, of course," Lobb said quietly. "Come in."

In a few minutes he had made his own room inhabitable for her and retired with his own belongings to the kitchen. After that they had some food together. It was a silent meal; Muriel was dead-tired, and Lobb showed no inclination to talk. He was watching her all the same, admiring her pleasant but not very pretty face, her sturdy figure, admiring above all her pluck: she thought nothing of travelling alone with her native carriers in the worst of weather to visit the sick. Yes, that's pluck, thought Lobb.

It was not till after dinner that Lobb, after regarding her for some time in silence, said suddenly:

"You need a good rest, my girl."

Muriel was surprised at his brusque statement, surprised at his understanding. He was right. She felt dead-beat.

"Well, yes," she admitted, "I suppose I do."

"Then go to bed now," Lobb smiled his slow smile. "Don't want you knocked up, you know, who'd do my shoulder then? No, you'll wait here to-morrow until they send Johnson's Ford out to fetch you. I'll send in to tell them. You've walked enough, I can see that."

Muriel was too worn out to protest; she acquiesced and went to her room. A little later, as she fell asleep in Lobb's curious lumpy bed, she was thinking that she rather liked nice gruff old Lobb.

Next morning Muriel had the unaccustomed luxury of sleeping until she could sleep no longer. She had breakfast; then, while they were waiting for the car, Lobb took her

for a walk round his land. Muriel enjoyed it thoroughly; she made him tell her what everything was, and Lobb, in spite of himself, was drawn out, and in a short time he was explaining everything, showing everything with almost the same enthusiasm as he had wasted on Lampton in a similar situation. But Muriel did more than nod at his words. She exclaimed, "How lovely!" or "How clever of you!" or "How did you manage it?" and Lobb, though he responded little, yet glowed inwardly and felt strangely contented. They came last to the orange trees, which were then in blossom; she was admiring the beautiful green of the leaves when Lobb bent over and sniffed at a spray of white scented blossom.

"Smells fine, doesn't it?" he said.

Then with a quick movement he plucked off the branch and held it out to her.

"Here's a branch for you—brighten up your room with it."

"Oh, I'd love it."

Muriel glanced at him, a quick intelligent glance, wondering whether perhaps Lobb attached any special associations to orange blossom. At the bottom of her heart she rather hoped, but no, orange blossom to Lobb was just orange blossom and nothing more.

Soon after that the car came to take her away.

"I do envy you living here," she said warmly, "with your cows and oranges and your lovely blue hills. I am grateful. You've given me the loveliest day I've had for years."

"I——" Lobb was on the point of saying all sorts of things, nice things which he had never said to anybody before, but the driver put in the clutch and the car began to move. Those nice things were never said. Lobb merely smiled his slow smile, waved his hand, and went slowly back into his lonely house.

Lobb was very thoughtful in the few days that followed this. He wanted desperately to help that tired, plucky girl, but something deep down within him said "No." He wanted even more desperately to see her sitting opposite him in his house, have her walking with him round his fields and admiring his farm, but something told him that it was impossible. Time and again he tried

to persuade himself that there was hope, and for a while he was jubilant; then his mood changed again, and he imagined that it could not be. It was an even chance for a long time, as he veered first one way then the other; but then his wound reopened—not his shoulder, but the old rankling spiritual wound—and there was no longer any hope after that. How could it be possible, he argued? Why should he help anyone, hadn't he sworn a solemn oath not to? Was it likely that she could love a maimed, weatherbeaten little man like himself? Wouldn't he be asking for more disillusion? Wasn't it true that women could hurt one even more damnably than men could?

It was all over. Like Pharaoh, Lobb hardened his heart and went his own way. When his shoulder troubled him, he no longer went into Samaka for treatment; he made his own black servant do it, and suffered his bungling fingers in silence. Once or twice he did meet Muriel. He took off his broad hat gravely and passed along; Muriel smiled; it was a mysterious indulgent smile; she knew her Lobb, and knew what a pity it was. If only that car had stayed a moment longer. But it was too late now.

Trouble fell upon Lobb after this. A lion got into his cattle kraal and he lost his three best cows. But that was not the worst misfortune. His vitality seemed to be falling away from him; he no longer had the energy to undertake new developments, and it was a struggle even to keep up with the wear and tear of what was already complete. His native workers were the first to notice this lessening in the force that drove them, and as they never worked unless they were obliged to, they quickly took advantage of it. Nor were the natives the only ones to observe the change. "I'm afraid old Lobb's going down hill" was a remark that was frequently passed in Samaka at this time. He had never been popular with his white neighbours at Samaka; people never do like a man who avoids their friendship, and they generally contrive to find an additional reason, more complimentary to themselves, for their dislike. Some said he drank; others that he gave short weight with his butter; and there was no end to the discreditable things which he was supposed to have done in the past before coming to Samaka. It was all quite untrue. Lobb had never done anything

discreditable, and he was exact in all his dealings with men. But true or untrue, the stories injured him; he lost some of his few customers, and he was gradually drifting into the state of just providing himself with food.

It was not always too easy at this time even to do that. Supplies went very short at times, and it was only the occasional sale of a cow that enabled him to keep going. Things were at their very worst when another misfortune befell him. One of those devastating storms that sometimes sweep over Rhodesia in the wet season came and washed away part of his best land; it carried away the good soil with its fresh-sown seed and left nothing but a scarred watercourse with rocks and loose stones showing up on the surface. Lobb stood there grimly reviewing the damage. It was beyond his powers of setting right, and he was wondering how he could replace the necessary crop, when something in the formation of the newly-revealed rock attracted his attention. He examined it and shook his head; then he examined some of the loose stones, shifted them this way and that to catch the light, frowned, then examined them again. Eventually he broke off one or two chips, put them in his pocket and walked composedly up to his house, thoughtfully sucking his pipe. He did not know for certain for nearly a month afterwards. Then the package which he had sent under an assumed name from a distant post-office was returned from the assayer's laboratory, and the assayer's report contained one magic word—"Gold." Lobb's eyes swam as he read it. Gold, he read, and the ore was rich enough to repay working a hundredfold. Fortune had at last looked his way.

He was already deep into the future with plans. Would he sell the place outright to some syndicate? No, he'd work it himself. Could he raise sufficient capital to do it properly? No difficulty when they knew how rich the ore was. He could picture the machinery arriving, huts put up, the steam escaping from the engine-room, thousands of natives at work, with him, old forgotten Lobb, with his pipe in his mouth, standing on the bank directing operations. Then the money would come; money, money, and more money. He frowned. What on earth could he do with money? Oh, well, it didn't matter,

even if money was of no use to him it would be nice to have it coming in.

As he reflected his glance wandered out through the window, out on to his orange trees, and over the forest to the distant blue hills. . . That would all have to go. The earth would be torn up; there would be the hideous noise of machinery and men shouting; his quiet, peaceful farm which he had grown to love would be transformed into one of those hells of noise and heat and ugliness which make men rich. That's what would happen; and it seemed rather a pity so to spoil it all when he did not really want to be rich. . . . But it would be nice not to have to worry about next week's food. . . . nice; but wouldn't there be something else, possibly worse, to worry about? Lobb was pondering deeply. After all, what had he to cling to in life except his farm, his orange trees, his forest, and his peaceful blue hills? That was all that life had ever given him, and that was all that life ever could give him now. No, he wasn't to be fooled that way. Fortune had done her best to beat him by her disfavour; she had failed, and he was damned if she should beat him now by this tardy ironical generosity. No, he still had the strength to go on, and he would go on to the end as he had gone from the beginning, owing nothing to man or luck or God.

Thus Lobb went on; and year by year it became more difficult, and year by year he had less to eat. His one triumph was when he took cuttings from his orange trees and planted them above that ravine of rich gold, which he had filled in with his own hand. He may be alive at this moment or he may be dead; but if he is alive you may be sure that he is still there at Lobb's Farm, keeping his end up, and owing nothing to God or luck or man.

Bromide Corner

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Letters to the Editor of "Public Intelligence."

ARBITRATION IN INDUSTRY.

The problem concerning this vital question obviously is, What are the limitations of arbitration in industry? To define these it is necessary to realize certain basic facts. Unhappily few of our leaders appear to realize that to define the limitations of arbitration as applied to industry it is important to know certain data which are fundamental.—Mr. Jas. Grewberry, 17 Cobden Gardens, South Kensington.

GOOSEBERRIES.

An old Sussex proverb says: "When sun do shine, day do be fine." In gathering gooseberries one should be careful to choose only those with the hair outside. Probably the delights of gooseberrying have little or nothing to do with the flavour of the fruit, but I have always found that by plunging them into hot water it is simple to rid them of the flies that often perch upon them, to the detriment of those who prefer their gooseberries *in puris naturalibus*.—Mr. U. J. Bloke, "Mon Repos," Hither Road, Parson's Green.

HEAVY MOTOR TRAFFIC.

I quite agree with your correspondent Mr. Tink, that the question of heavy motor traffic requires serious consideration. Rates are going up. Costs must be kept down. The country which produces more is richer as a producing factor than the country which produces less, or not as much. No doubt, however, certain aspects of the debts question should be discussed forthwith at Geneva, and America should explain. But what of Europe? Let us all pull together, shoulder to shoulder.—Mr. G. P. Snoothley, 6 Gladstone Villas, St. Boanerges-on-Sea.

SAGACITY IN ANIMALS.

I once had a cat named Arthur which always knew dinner-time, and would mew most intelligently when he saw the maid approaching the gong. On one occasion my husband, who was late in dressing for dinner, came into my room and said: "Surely there must be a door open downstairs!" I said: "I don't think so." "There must be," said my husband, "because I hear the creaking of a hinge." I said: "Oh, it must be Arthur," and on

going downstairs I was agreeably surprised to find that it was! At another time he walked past me waving his tail twice, and I afterwards discovered that the cook had forgotten to put enough salt in the boiled potatoes. A few nights ago my husband, who was reading in the library, called to me: "I am sure something has happened to Arthur." I said: "Oh, I hope not," and hurried out at once into the grounds. The stables have a very high sloping roof, and to my horror I thought I saw Arthur clinging to the gutter. However, as I held my breath I saw him walk past, mewing as if to say "Good evening." Had he been on the roof he would undoubtedly have fallen.—Lady Boofham, White Lodge, Pillowleigh, Beds.

COUNTRY POSTAL FACILITIES.

Having occasion to post a letter to a friend in Somerset the other day, I took myself to the letter-box, which is just outside the rectory in this village. As I reached the box the postman was also approaching. I said to him, holding my letter between the thumb and first finger of the right hand, "I see I am in good time for the post." He replied: "Yes, sir, indeed you are." I then posted my letter in the ordinary way by placing it in the orifice at the top of the box, and when I had done so the postman opened the box and cleared it—mine, as it happened (for I was careful to look) being the only letter there. Two days later I heard from my friend in Somerset that my letter had reached him next day.—The Rev. O. Yarp, The Rectory, Slitherhurst, Kent.

TRAVELLERS ABROAD.

I have always found the natives of Continental countries very obliging, in spite of the fact that most of them cannot, of course, speak English. As to the habit of tipping, I have always found that they are just as pleased with a kind word. I personally lift and drop my veil at the same time in token of appreciation—a family tradition, I may add, since my grandfather was in the Navy, and was one of the old "wind-jammers."—Miss R. Eagerly, The Nook, Brightbourne.

LIBERIA AND THE LEAGUE.

Surely there is a *via media*? The argument for increased tariffs seems purely empirical when it is considered that Czecho-Slovakia steadily refuses a *quid pro quo*. No one denies the utility of some check of the sort, but it is high time the Government realized that public opinion is strongly in favour of the cessation of its policy of *laissez-faire*.—Mrs. Whickers, Sea View, Eastnor.

Residue

By Muriel Kent

"No life is disinherited which counts among its treasures Honour and Memory."—MADAME DE GRIGNAN.

LIFE cast me off, but spared to confiscate
(Since I was named his heir) my whole estate:
Some roods of barren ground where none may reap,
A ruined dwelling-house, he bade me keep.

His household stood to watch me as I went:
Young Love, and Joy, and peaceful-eyed Content,
With other friends of mine were gathered there,
To mourn the fate that none essayed to share.

For these were Life's retainers, and they held
To their allegiance when my heart rebelled,
And sought another sanction for its own—
But all who follow dreams must go alone.

The moon was dim behind a pallid wrack,
As through the night I kept the moorland track:
With weeping dawn my shelter came in sight—
And from the broken casement gleamed a light . . .

Lo, faithful Honour waited there for me
With food and wine; and courteous Memory
Had veiled the walls of that poor living-room
With arras woven in her magic loom.

A Pierhead Jump

A Story of the War

By Lieut.-General Sir A. Hamilton Gordon, K.C.B.

"ANY luck?"—The speaker was one of a group of young Englishmen who, at an early hour on May 4, 1918, crowded round a table in the P. & O. office in Bombay, at which the local agent had just sat down. They had converged on this pin-point during the night or past twenty-four hours from all parts of India, and some of them had even spent the night in the office with their handful of luggage rather than miss the chance of getting away by that day's homeward mail, if a berth should become available at the last moment.

"No," said the agent after looking through his papers, "there is nothing here to help you. All the passengers seem to be coming. The *Livadia's* tender leaves the Apollo Bunder at 8.0, and she will sail as soon as they have got the baggage on board. I don't think you have a chance now, as there is only an hour left."

The lazy punkah, one of a string in the lofty spacious room in which the scene is set, swished and creaked over the head of the agent who, in his clean white suit and fresh from his morning bath, figured as a striking contrast to the unwashed, travel-stained men in front of him. We can spare a few minutes to look at them. . . Dirty perhaps, but typical representatives, both military and civilian, of the British community holding our Indian Empire. A cavalry subaltern, determined to see his father's horse run in the Derby; a Calcutta merchant, racing home to negotiate business, the success of which depended on the rate of exchange at the moment; a Territorial major, whose patriotism had cooled through disappointment at spending his war service in a part of the Empire about which he knew little and cared less, instead of earning laurels in Flanders; an ambitious young officer of the Regular British Infantry, hoping to improve his

prospects by trying for a staff job nearer home; Alan Leigh, a fair, blue-eyed, but pale-faced boy, convalescent after a serious attack of dysentery contracted in the trenches before Kut and neglected in the dusty march to Bagdad; and Pemberton, a Civil Servant of the Government of India, who was taking his long overdue allowance of furlough. The latter had known young Leigh's people, and had taken him into his bungalow at Agra and had nursed him through the crisis of his illness. The boy had survived, cheered by the brave letters from his devoted mother, who concealed her anxiety as best she could, though her words vibrated with the tearing of her heartstrings at this fresh danger to her only son.

One of the party uttered at last the thought which each had secretly been pondering over for some time. If a berth should turn up, who was to have it? "I applied six months ago," said one. "But I have missed three boats already," put in another. "The company promised me the first vacancy," and so on. Throughout the dispute it was significant that Pemberton advocated the claims of young Leigh rather than his own, while the Territorial major said little. The suggestion of "Let's draw lots for it" was carried with acclamation by all except the Territorial. He claimed seniority and age, and announced his intention of making the agent give him the berth. The others, leaving this dilemma to take care of itself, put their names in a hat and drew for the order of choice, because someone pointed out that there was always an off-chance of there being more berths than one. Pemberton's name came out first. Conversation then became general, but turned mainly on the burning question of the moment. "I came down with an Australian who had got a state cabin all to himself in the Orient boat which also sails this morning, but she is going the other way, of course." This remark, dropped casually, was received with little interest, but soon after Pemberton strolled out and conversed with the drivers of the carriages standing outside and piled with the luggage of the men within.

The fateful minutes slipped by until at 7.30 a blue-coated telegraph chuprassie came in and handed a paper to the agent. "Here you are!" he shouted, "there's a berth vacant after all. A passenger taken ill and not able

to travel." "You will be good enough to allot the berth to me," said the major. "You know my claim is the best, and you must stick to business and have nothing to do with any lottery about it." The agent had to agree, and the major drove off leaving the rest sick with disappointment and cursing him as a sour-faced old buffer, with nothing of the sportsman about him.

But he was scarcely out of ear-shot, when Pemberton, with a face beaming with excitement and pleasure, turned to Leigh and said, "Quick, Alan! jump into your gharry and drive like blazes to the Apollo Bunder. I have bribed the driver of that old rotter to take him to the Orient boat and he won't find out what's wrong for half an hour at least, even if he does not go to Australia." "But the berth is yours," broke out Leigh. "Don't argue, old man, I can easily wait, and I give it to you. I'll square the P.& O. man, but you get off as fast as you can. You have not a minute to lose. Give my respects to your mother."

. . . . . .

A few hours later the bell rang at the vicarage in a little village in Devonshire. Tearing open the telegram put into her hand, Mrs. Leigh read the words: "Alan *Livadia* sailing 4th—Pemberton." A cry of relief was half stifled by the flood of emotion which welled up into her throat and brought tears of happiness into her eyes, and at last: "Oh! Thank God! I shall see him again."

"Says Sergeant Murphy"

By A. P. Garland

A Scientific Diet.

"Talking about diet," said Heddle, "there was a piece in the paper to-day——"

"Of course there was," said Sergeant Murphy bitterly. "There always is. Bad luck to the same articles on diet be imminent doctors. They've done me no good."

"How's that?"

"Why, because the wreck of a man before you is the result of believin' that these fellahs knew what they were talkin' about in the way of food.

"Up to a year or so ago I ate all before me, blackballed nothin', and all I knew about indigistion was what I saw in the sworn statemints of the Moofo advertisements. But wan day I read an article be a doctor about errors in diet, and whin I'd read it, I discovered that if everybody had their rights I'd be dead tin years ago. Specialists would have jumped at the chance of lecturin' on me interior. I'd broken all the laws of diet and had gone on for years stuffin' meself with eatables that had the same food value as raw Portland cemint.

"It was at dinner I was readin' the paper, and in me horror I pushed away the plate on which had been displayed a large helpin' of steak, with a fried onion surround, which I had just thransferred to meself without a qualm. For I'd been eatin' habitually for over forty years without carin' a tinker's curse whether I was engulfin' the correct quantities of vitamins or not."

"What are vitamins?" asked Heddle.

"Nobody knows," said the Sergeant. "Whether they're square or thriangular hasn't yet been settled. But, in person they're first cousins to the good microbes, and they're the divil's own lads at concealin' thimselves in food. In fact, nobody has ever set eyes on thim, though they're known to exist."

"How do you know they exist, if you've never seen one," said Heddle.

"I've never seen the pain in me corn," replied the Sergeant.

"But what about these vitamins?" asked Heddle.

"It's this, accordin' to the article. Whin they're in food, the food does you good. Whin they're not, the food's about as much use as the sawdust in a doll. There are twinty-six kinds of vitamins, answerin' to the names of Vitamin A, Vitamin B, etcethera, and each has his own job. Wan gives you muscle, another makes your beard grow, a third fellah privints knock-knee, and so on.

"Well, the writer so frightened me that there and thin I took the pledge agen free-and-easy feedin' and began to study diet scientifically. I read further articles and from thim I built up a scientific diet that was guaranteed to make me a Tunney for stringth and an Owen Nares for looks—or your money back.

"For a year I stuck it, browsin' blasphemously on masses of raw vegetables, wholemeal bread, the unatthractive joints of meat, apples and pears unpeeled, and the like. The effect on an uneducated stomach was disasthrous, and for the first time I learned why indigistion is spelt in large caps in a doctor's income tax assessmint form. Thin whin I was awaitin' the harvist of me sufferin's, I come across another medical article on diet.

"In this case the fellah did mintion vitamins, but thin—with the air of an imprissario—he proceeded to lead on a new lot, the hormones. These, he said, were the opposite numbers of the vitamins, and held the fort durin' wan half the day. In fact, the vitamins, without the hormones, were like wan of the two parts of a Seidlitz powdher.

" 'Well,' I says to meself, 'let's make a clean job of it.' So I starts to look for the likely kinds of food in which the hormones might be found. Just as I was gettin' on the right thrack, I read another article and I find that wan of the biggest min in the profission says that all the fuss about vitamins and hormones is bunkum, and that a man should eat what he likes.

"So that's where it stands now. If the last fellah is correct, it means that I've wasted over a year of me life, wrecked what was wance a model stomach, and become a ragin' dyspeptic for nothin' at all.

"Annyhow, I'm writin' to the College of Surgeons about it to ask for compinsation."

The Road to Srinagar

By John J. Willoughby

So many places in the world are beautiful, and in so many different ways, that it would be obviously impossible for any man, even could he visit them all, to give the palm to any one of them; certainly no two travellers would reach the same decision, nature having thoughtfully provided each of us with a distinct ideal of beauty. Nevertheless, there are few, if any, who have been fortunate enough to journey by that road who do not wax enthusiastic over the highway which rises from the sweltering, sunbaked plains of the Punjab, and scrambles its way through the great barrier of the Outer Himalayas into Kashmir.

It is a journey which *can* be done in one day, is better done in two, and may, with horse transport or afoot, easily occupy a fortnight. It is all a matter of choice, but if time is limited, and a spice of danger not unwelcome, a sturdy car is the best conveyance.

Most of the actual climbing is accomplished in the first few hours, between Rawal Pindi, already 1,500 feet above the sea, and Murree, at an altitude of over six thousand, actually higher than the Vale of Kashmir itself. When it is remembered that this height is attained in a distance of some thirty miles as the crow flies, some of the difficulties which have been overcome in the construction of the road will be appreciated. Thanks, mainly, to the amount of traffic which it was designed to carry, the road is a comparatively good one, and accidents are of rare occurrence, although it is a stiff test for a car, as may be deduced from the facilities for "watering," which are provided at frequent intervals.

It is a rare sensation, the transition from the drought and dust of Pindi to the fresh breezes of the foot-hills; the steady climb with its frequent "hair-pins," each turn revealing some new wonder of sweeping curve and wooded upland, the grass greener, the air cleaner, with every covered mile. And then Murree, its clustered chalets

clinging to the hill-top, its streets uneven, the clouds drifting up the valleys at its feet.

It is at Murree that the traveller should pass the night. The chill of the mountain air, and the sudden change of pressure require a little getting used to, and in any case the little town with its leafy dells is sufficiently refreshing, after a few months' desiccation in the Plains, to invite exploration.

The start next day must be an early one—six or seven o'clock at the latest. Even after a solid breakfast the air strikes chilly; but the sun is gaining strength, and the mountain mists are parting here and there, uncovering the green velvet of a pine-covered spur—the white satin of a snowy pinnacle, touched with the rosy glow of morning. Twisting this way and that, clinging to the flanks of a succession of hills, skirting some obstacles, burrowing under others, the road runs down by the Jhelum to the frontier town of Kohala, where there are forms to be signed, and dues to be paid, ere the car may proceed over the bridge into Kashmir.

Onward from Kohala, the route grows wilder, the driving more and more tricky. For mile after mile the road is bordered on the right by sheer mountains; on the left by a frail parapet, a foot or two of uncemented stones—all that divides it from the Jhelum, boiling over its rocky bed far below. The traveller is by no means reassured by occasional notice-boards, announcing in large letters "Caution —Beware of Boulder-slips." The chauffeurs who use the road are mainly natives. They are apparently men of iron nerve, but are more probably lacking in the vivid imagination which so frequently conjures up visions of wrecked cars and battered corpses to the minds of their lighter-tinted passengers! Time and again, rounding a blind corner at ridiculous speed, collision seems imminent, but a turn of the wrist, and the danger is past—six inches to spare on either side!

With the exception of half an hour's halt at a Dāk bungalow, or Government rest-house, this nerve-shattering process continues well into the afternoon, when the mountains gradually fall away on each side, in wave after wave of billowing deodar, revealing an ever-widening tongue of

cultivated land, dotted with occasional farm buildings—not mud huts this time, but solid structures of stone and log, with sometimes a roofing of coloured tiles. It is Kashmir!

As the valley opens out, the hills on either hand, rising above the fields of maize which border the road, suggest a huge allotment garden, little squares and oblongs of tilled soil, each with its own little tool-shed. Closer inspection discloses them as terraces, carved in the hillside, yellow with sun-bathed grain, or glowing with the purple heads of amaranth.

Presently the road returns to the side of Jhelum, by now a broad and sluggish stream, flowing in grassy banks, and willow-hung. And so to Baramula, a doll's-house edition of old wooden London, rather dirty, but wonderfully picturesque. It is here that the Vale of Kashmir really begins, and the passage of the last few miles to Srinagar is an experience never to be forgotten.

The road is nowhere hedged, but fringed each side with tapering poplars—two walls of greyish-green, rising into the evening blue, and through the upmost spires a fleck of white, the hoary head of Haramokh.

The air is full of the scent of wild flowers, echoing with the song of birds. Everywhere there is life, and, above all, young life—children, lambs, kids, foals. And over everything there hangs a strange sense of the unreal, the ethereal. For Kashmir is a fairyland of peace and contentment, a green jewel set in its encircling band of rock. It is an almost-Utopia, where the people are all happy, the birds all sing, and the flowers seem to bloom for the very love of life. It is a land of great trees, and short springy turf; the land of the Lotus, far removed from the terrors and turmoils of the world beyond its mighty gates. White-blanketed and sun-drenched, year by year throughout the ages, it lies and dreams, wrapped round with the devotional silence of the Himalayas, the vast enfolding stillness of the upper air.

The Play and the Period

By Horace Shipp

Berkeley Square. By J. L. Balderton and J. C. Squire. (St. Martin's.)
Rosmersholm. By Henrik Ibsen. (Kingsway.)
The Cherry Orchard. By Anton Tchehov. (Barnes.)

THERE is somewhere in Goethe a fine saying upon the eternal conflict between the forces of tradition and those of reform, indicating how evolution fulfils itself in the ceaseless defeats and ceaseless rallying of these and looking for some such governance of human affairs as would achieve a counterpoise without defeating either side. "But," says the philosopher, "this is denied to men, and God seems not to want it." By a strange paradox the artists—those seemingly least practical of men—play a great part in this conflict. Holding the mirror up to their times, seeing affairs through their individual vision, yet, nevertheless, expressing what the less articulate would desire to urge in defence or criticism of the institutions wherewith mankind moulds this business of living, they are in the forefront of this conflict. Defenders and defiers, critics and creators, their work, as Plato asserted, is capable of making or marring a State, because they reflect the otherwise unguessed spirit of their times, and because their work can foster this spirit by bodying forth the images in art which will create desire in the minds of men, and so engender action and shape affairs.

How wise Tchehov was in the drift of things in Russian life, how sensitive his ears were to the sound of the axe at the roots of the trees I indicated in an earlier article, when last *The Cherry Orchard* was revived. He cries his warning as loudly as Lopahin in his play; he can make us almost weep for the unthinking, drifting, charming old world which is passing away; he can make us almost hate the self-seeking, materially-minded but terribly efficient new; he can make us hope with Anya and Trofimov for a way of wisdom. And always, whether we are seeing his work in its deep social and spiritual significance,

or judging it purely as art, he can hold us enthralled by a beautiful stage story, breathingly human and revealing the motives and make-up of our common humanity. The new season of his work at Barnes opens with an exquisite production of this play in the hands of Komisarjevsky, and puts us again in the debt of this suburban playhouse.

If Tchehov stands prophetically above the battle, Ibsen in his period was in the thick of the mêlée. The "outrageous" reforms of the latter half of the nineteenth century are the traditions of the twentieth. The right of free-thought, the rights of woman which were to the forefront of European thought in that period, have ceased to stir us to other than faint reactions in our own. Dramatically, therefore, they can either be treated historically or in the symbology of the whole endless conflict. *Rosmersholm* bears both interpretations. *The Master Builder* which is to follow in the season is so big with meaning that even our generation is not nearly arrived at an understanding of its parable of the man who would build something greater than homes. But the environs of the fable of *Rosmersholm* belong definitely to a period; its significance and symbolism are best served by keeping it true to period. The modern English names and garden suburb *décor* of this production are wrong, and it speaks well for the greatness of the play that it can thus be violated and yet remain as thrilling a thing as the London stage can provide. Edith Evans's performance as Rebecca West gives us so much of what Ibsen wrote into the part that it were ungracious to question her conception; it stands out with Muriel Aked's playing of the housekeeper, although this latter for all its brilliance had not a nodding acquaintance with the character in the play. Ibsen, preoccupied with the ghosts from that past which he attacked so ruthlessly but feared so much, cannot be brightened without being spoiled. He belongs to a period when the dressing-gown was a symbol of sin, and cannot be expressed in terms of one which smiles tolerantly upon pyjama parties on the Lido.

This whole problem of period is raised in actual content and in significance by the play at St. Martin's. *Berkeley Square* dramatizes Henry James's exquisite

fragment, *A Sense of the Past*; one can pay the collaborators no greater compliment than to say that they have retained the grace and savour of that artist's writing in the piece. It concerns in its story a young man whose personality exchanges bodies with an ancestor of the eighteenth century, in its pure philosophy the theories of Einstein, of Bergson and the modern thinkers who hold that the passing of time is a convenient illusion of our mental processes, and that times past and present co-exist. To say that the story itself is fascinating, graceful, humorous, and also terrible, is to say that it fulfils the first demand of a play in stageworthiness. Here and there clumsy entrances and exits or a lapse into mere exposition may be forgiven in so difficult a theme, and these lapses are easily forgotten in the series of good situations and the fine acting of Jean Forbes-Robertson, Lawrence Anderson, and Valerie Taylor, to mention but three in a fine cast. Jean Forbes-Robertson's playing of her difficult part and her unique beauty helped us to follow the theme into the metaphysics of the situation, when because of love she and her eerie lover from an unborn century broke the rigid pattern of destiny. Thrilling as story and idea, and endowed with the conscious artistry of production by Mr. Frank Birch, *Berkeley Square* is to be welcomed to the West End stage.

If the content of the play concerns period, its significance does so in even greater degree. It *belongs* to the thought currents of our times as surely as the plays of Tchehov or Ibsen belong to theirs. Rationalism had settled everything in the age of Voltaire, as one character in the piece reminds us; rationalism was busy doing it again in the late nineteenth century, but the thought of our age moves back along the ever-widening spiral, and disintegrates material, personality, and many another "certitude" of yesterday. Drama in form and theme fulfils its own ancient task, holding up through the works of men like Pirandello, women like Susan Glaspell, and a host of others the critical-creative mirror of art to our ever-changing nature.

Henry Ford*: Industrial Philosopher

By Wade Chance

HENRY FORD takes ten pounds' worth of material, adds brains and labour, and magically installs the power of twenty horses within a highly-refined piece of machinery, which can then be bought for about ten pence a pound, or half the cost per pound of a beefsteak. He has supplied the world with mobile power equal to that of ninety-seven Niagaras. He could in imagination hold the reins of power of his own creation over 300,000,000 horses. How puny, in comparison, appear the combined war chariots of all the conquerors of the ages, back to remote antiquity! This is six times greater than the total horse-power in use in the combined industries of the United States. It took Ford twenty years to make his first million cars. He now makes two million annually, or eight thousand daily. His tractors are ploughing the earth's farm-lands, and his standardized, accident-proof aeroplanes will, ere long, fill the air. His output of motor-cars to date totals thirteen millions, or more than half the whole number in the world to-day.

Incidentally, he has made the largest fortune in the world. The big fortunes of America are vastly greater than those of Europe. Andrew Carnegie said to the writer in 1912: "I sold out to Morgan for $420,000,000." And 75 per cent. of this belonged to him individually. He gave it all away except a trifling twenty millions. He was his own showman. John D. Rockefeller likewise, after making a billion dollars, is now a poor man, having given away half a billion dollars for general educational and humanitarian purposes, and his other half billion to his son John. The records showed several years ago that John owns oil shares alone valued at over $400,000,000.

His income, however, has been enormously exceeded by that of Henry Ford. Twenty-five years ago Ford started business with less than £6,000 of capital. As his business grew, he bought out several minor partners,

* "To-day and To-morrow." By Henry Ford. Heinemann. 12s. 6d. net.

leaving as shareholders in the Ford Company only himself, his wife, and his son, Edsel. Every three and a-half calendar days the Ford family is richer by one million dollars, for they make a hundred million dollars a year. Capitalized on a 5 per cent. basis, this represents a value of two billion dollars.

It will be not as a mere billionaire, but as the greatest industrialist philosopher the world has ever known, that Henry Ford will go down to posterity. Ford first practised, and now preaches, tenets distinctly his own. He has no trade secrets, for he reveals them freely to all his competitors. And since he has established fifty different industries in the pursuit of his single purpose—to furnish mobile power to the greatest number at the lowest cost—there is no existing branch of industry which cannot profit from his methods. It is difficult not to deal in superlatives in speaking of the man and his genius, for if we measure his stature by his unheard-of achievements, reserve then has no purpose.

We have now his second book, "To-day and To-morrow," following his "Life and Works," published three years ago; and should Ford and his factories be swept out of existence, these volumes could constitute a textbook sufficient to establish a new industrial age. There may be and doubtless are others following in his footsteps, but he is the great pioneer who first blazed the way through conventions and time-worn methods beloved of mediocrity and humanity in general. His printed words should be circulated in every school and shop in Christendom. Their mere reading would dissipate Bolshevik miasma in all its forms. For as Karl Marx, who wrote out of his ignorance, and his disciple, the paranoic Lenin, were the great destroyers, Ford is the greatest upbuilder. And his practical philosophy makes the vapourings of these madmen sound like childish babbling and insane delusions, as, indeed, they were. Out of their hate they have destroyed a dynasty, submerged a people, and would imperil civilization itself; while Ford, out of his humanity and his new doctrine of service before profits, has lifted up millions to a new standard of living. He has established a new industrial era, with a finer balance than has ever been used before. These are strong claims, did they relate merely to

motor-car construction and the creation of a fortune hitherto unknown; but the real lessons of Henry Ford must be read in other fields and places.

And just as Ford has established in his factory metal gauges of unprecedented delicacy, measuring the millionth part of an inch, so that the heat of a man's body standing a few feet away affects them, just so a flashing thought, caught in the mind of this miracle worker—as a savant transfixes his butterfly—measures differentiations hitherto undreamed of, and readjusts the world's work to a new scale of values.

He has invented many new processes and created new industries. He makes one-fourth of the glass of the United States by a new process, with a constantly flowing river of molten glass. He makes his own linen and prepares flax by machinery for the first time. By a new way of making steel, and saving the necessity of straightening it, he saves nine million dollars annually. He saves many millions by new methods of making woollen cloth, steel forgings, artificial leather; and his Fordite, a substitute for wood, is made from straw at half the cost of wood. He makes 100 miles of copper wire daily, some of it of the fineness of human hair, drawn through a pierced diamond which shows no wear in six months. He engaged Prof. Johansson from the Swedish Arsenal to make new steel gauges of one hundred-thousandth of an inch, whereas one ten-thousandth has hitherto been the lowest limit in tool making, and these gauges he makes and sells to others. Johansson's gauges made for him in steps of a millionth of an inch are the only set in the world. It has taken Ford twenty-nine years to develop his tool standards and standardize them, now purchasable anywhere as commercial hardware. In his factories he has 45,000 machines. Thanks to standardization, he now has less money tied up in perishable tools than when he was making only 3,000 cars daily. In 1922 he bought three times as much material as he made; now he buys only twice as much. He makes 2,000 barrels of cement daily from blast furnace slag. He saves 80,000,000 pounds of steel a year that formerly went into scrap. This amounts to $3,000,000 a year, or the wages of 2,000 men. By making slight changes in small brass items he saves half a million pounds of brass annually. He has a large salvage

department which apparently saves him $20,000,000 or more annually; but having developed a salvage system, he starts in at once to make it unnecessary, to see if he is not giving more attention to reclaiming than to not wasting. "The ideal is to have nothing to salvage."

The first principle of his production is to keep everything in motion and take the work to the man, and not the man to the work. Stooping to the floor to pick up a tool or a part is not productive labour, therefore all material must be delivered waist high. His Fordson plant, employing 70,000 men, was built largely to eliminate lost motion. By means of his carrying platform, fifty-eight operations are performed in fifty-five minutes.

And let the British workman listen to this, "The age of steel is only approaching. *The more machinery used, the more men are eventually required.*" He employs many sightless, armless, and legless men.

"If we were operating to-day under the methods of 1921, we should have raw material on hand to the value of about $120,000,000, and another $50,000,000 in transit. Instead of this we have an average investment in raw material and finished goods of only fifty millions. Our inventory is less than it was when our production was only half as great. We do not own or use a single warehouse."

When Ford was turning out complete cars at his Highland factory, the day he began producing 1,000 cars a day brought on one of the worst freight jams ever known. Instead of shipping complete cars, he now has thirty-one assembly plants throughout the United States. He has eighty-eight plants throughout America and the world.

Only a few years ago, seven cars made a full load for a standard freight car. Now the bodies are knocked down and he ships 130 touring cars in the same freight car—using one where once eighteen were used.

The power to run the great Fordson factory is derived 40 per cent. from a by-product from his blast furnaces. He takes coal costing $5 a ton and converts it into coke and by-products worth $12 a ton.

He uses a million feet of timber a day, from millions of acres owned in several States. By economies introduced, his forests are lasting one-third longer, and,

perhaps, will last for ever, with new reforesting methods. Here alone he saves $20,000 a day. He has removed all his wood-working departments to the forests to save transportation. He utilizes the entire tree, where formerly half was wasted. He saves 100,000,000 feet of wood a year by the salvage of old lumber. By using waste from his paper mills and made into cardboard boxes, he uses one-third as much wood as when his production was only one-half of to-day's. By distilling a multitude of by-products from waste wood, tar, oils, gas, creosote, fuel gas, he saves $12,000 daily.

He has ships on the Great Lakes and the coasts, and he is organizing ocean fleets all over the world, built with special racks, as he has done with freight cars, and thus saves crating, a reduction of about $20,000 on each trip. On two shipments by sea to the Pacific coast he saved $70,000 over shipping by rail. Yet he says, "We are so new at shipping that we are only beginning to appreciate the vast savings so easily possible."

Only six years ago he used 600 sizes of boxes, to-day he uses fourteen. His Los Angeles plant consumes the cotton grown on fifteen acres *daily*, or about 45,000 acres a year.

Why should England not imitate Ford's methods of utilizing coal? He treats coal as a chemical, uses powdered coal and furnace gas as fuel, and very little smoke comes from the stacks. His power is practically generated as a by-product, and he uses every piece of coal twice over.

Ford is making an aeroplane—although this is his son Edsel's special task—which will require no more skill to run than a motor-car, and which, he says, must support itself in the air financially as well as physically. It must have a speed of 100 miles an hour, and he now seeks to attain two essential conditions: a real aeroplane engine, air-cooled, and, if possible, without electric ignition; and an absolutely dependable navigating apparatus—probably a specially developed radio system. He says, "It is only a matter of time till we get what we need. The airplane will soon be a part of our daily life."

Ford dates the beginning of his prosperity from the time in 1915 when he raised wages from an average of $2.40 to $5 a day, and when, as he says, "We created a

lot of customers for our own cars" from his own workmen. Since then he has raised the minimum wage to $6 a day, and he runs only five days a week. Sixty per cent. of his men earn above the minimum. His men have invested $22,000,000 in profit-sharing certificates which some years have paid as high as 14 per cent. Ford directly employs 200,000 men, while another 200,000 are employed at service stations. With another 200,000 employed in making goods which he buys, he estimates that 3,000,000 people get their living from the Ford industries. He has doubled his capacity within the last six years. The Ford industries paid out one billion dollars in wages last year.

He seldom changes the model of his car, for when he once made eighty-one changes in one year, he had to design 4,759 punches and dies, and make 4,243 jigs and fixtures. But he constantly changes and improves the manner of its production. Even when he arrived at his earliest models his work was only begun. Not only must his cars be light and strong, but every year he has made them cheaper and cheaper, although commodities grew dearer. In some years he has priced his car below his cost estimates, so that he was forced to effect still further economies to make a profit. At the end of one year he found that his profits had been greater than he had estimated, so he sent a cheque for fifty dollars to every buyer of a Ford car during the entire year. In fact, it can be said that Ford has always sold his cars at cost, and then made his profits from economies he effects over previous processes. What other great business has ever been built up on such a plan? He does not claim that he has practised altruism, but that he has given service.

When it comes to Ford's industrial philosophy, he actually tells us something new under the sun :—

> A five-day working week will extend American prosperity rather than decrease it. Men are more conscious of new needs in their leisure time than when they are busy. Moreover, leisure affords opportunity to use what has been produced. . . . The good old days when men and women and children worked twelve hours a day, and more, were not prosperous. It was only when people got more leisure to enjoy life that they began to demand more of everything. That led to the ten-hour day, and later to the eight-hour day. *Leisure hours are full of wants which business hours must supply.* The more spare time people have the more they arrange their lives as they

want them; and they will work to keep them up to that standard. That is what I have in mind regarding the five-day week. It would help rather than hinder prosperity, just as inevitably as higher wages do. Both will come about through increased production. *Men are getting four or five times the wages for the eight-hour day that was paid for fifteen hours fifty years ago.* That is not because employers are more generous. It is due solely to the fact that they are producing more. It therefore goes without saying that production in the five-day week must at least equal the output now possible in five and a half or six days.

No one can estimate the importance of high wages in the development of a period of prosperity, because *nobody knows just what a wage is.* We know some of the things that enter into it, and some that ought to, but we do not know them all. . . . Wages are but a method of distributing the real wealth of work to the people. . . . If business to-day depended on the purchases of the so-called leisure class—those who get money without work—we should not be worrying how to sustain it. *There would not be any business to worry about.* . . . Our business is supported by the wages that it pays. When you curtail wages you curtail business. That applies to every business. There are no exceptions. The problem to-day is how to increase the production for larger demand, instead of how to reduce it. There is no need of curtailment anywhere. Nothing is over-produced as long as there are literally millions of persons who would use the articles of industry if the price were brought within their means. Until everyone in the world gets what everyone ought to have there can be no over-production.

When the five-day week becomes standard we shall really begin to learn something about prosperity in this country. Perhaps we shall then stop regarding prosperity *as a stroke of luck* which cannot last and which must be exploited to the limit while we have it. That is the only thing wrong with the present situation—the attitude of regarding the prosperity as accidental and liable to accident. We can have our present prosperity as long as we want to keep it. It will continue until we have established even better conditions. It is not only a matter of raising the peak, *but of increasing the spread.* We must bring prosperity to more and more people.

Ford is a master of epigrammatic expression. He is often revolutionary, but it is upon service to the public that his whole philosophy and practice are founded, profit being incidental. He has, moreover, put most of his vast profits back into his business—incidentally escaping taxation—but utilizes them for still further economies in production and lower prices to the buying public. He says :—

The only place to which one may go quickly is destruction.

We know now that business is a science, and that all other sciences are contributing to it.

But men must be led into prosperity. A mob is powerless

except for destruction. . . . The hardest of all work must come in the management.

We have more ahead to do than we have behind us. We shall never reach the point where whatever we happen to be doing cannot be improved upon. We are constantly using less material by adding to its strength.

Big business controls nothing. It is entirely at the mercy of public demand.

The owner, the employees, and the buying public are all one. One's own employees ought to be one's own best customers.

There is no standard wage. No one on earth knows enough to fix a standard wage. We do not know what the right wage is, and never shall.

No greater injury can be done a man than to pay him a high wage for a small amount of work, for his high wages increase the prices of commodities, and put them beyond reach.

When the English bricklayer lays half the number of bricks, another man must lay the other half. Thus double costs are imposed on a house, and the working man who should occupy it can't afford it.

Paying high wages and selling at low prices is behind the prosperity of the country.

When one attempts to run a business solely for profit, and thinks not at all of the service to the community, the business must die, for it no longer has a reason for existence. A business which charges too high a profit disappears as quickly as one that operates at a loss.

Low wages will break business far more quickly than it will labour. If you cut labour you cut the number of your own customers. I have no doubt that the workers in the Ford industries own more motor-cars than are owned in the whole world outside this country.

Since the money of great corporations is not in actual money, but in factories and plant, it cripples industry to collect death duties. Inheritance is always expressed in dollars, yet the dollars are seldom there. What most heirs inherit in these days is a job, a business to be maintained, a responsibility to be shouldered . . .

Ford owns a model farm, where daily washing, milking, and feeding are all done by machinery. He farms 10,000 acres and keeps 500 cows with the number of men who usually care for twenty-five in the ordinary way. He pays factory wages and the men work only eight hours daily.

He declares that it is an utter waste to keep live stock on the ordinary farm. Farmers should keep all their cattle on a community farm. Horses on a farm are a luxury, and should be supplanted by tractors. It takes from three to five years to develop a work horse, and eight horses require the food produced on forty acres during the year. Furthermore, only thirty working days are required to do all the work of crop planting and

gathering, and the real problem is to find some additional work for the farmer to make a living at, as farming alone is not enough, and an immense economic waste results from most farming operations.

In England, to plough with Ford tractors instead of horses saves half the cost. In Armenia, ten tractors ploughed 1,000 acres in eleven days, work which would have required 1,000 oxen and 500 men—and neither were available. In Russia one tractor does the work of 100 oxen and fifty men.

Ford made 5,000 tractors during the war on an order from Lord Milner, at half the price quoted in England on the Ford model submitted and tested, and began delivery in fifty days. Another war order was 3,000 cars made at his Bordeaux plant.

His factory at Cork, installed there partly from sentiment associated with his ancestors, pays 1,800 workers getting £1 a day.

Ford is against all miscellaneous charities, pensions, and doles. He says it will take easily a generation to wipe out the effects of the dole on the peoples of Europe. But he is strong for the spirit of service, which he defines as " the knowledge that no man, no industry, no government, no civilization, can survive which does not continually give service to the greatest possible number." Ford himself has established many institutions for the public good, but they are mostly self-supporting. They include a trade school for boys where 700 students are paid $6 a day, and he sees to it that they earn it; a service school of 450, where every nationality is represented. He built a model hospital at a cost of ten million dollars, and the Clara Ford Nurses Home, and he and Mrs. Ford make up the deficit in running these institutions. Then in order to prevent shopkeepers from overcharging his employees, he sells annually six million dollars' worth of clothing, boots, and groceries to them.

His hospital staff are making a continuous search for the ideal food, and Ford says that, though it may take some time, " one thing certain is that it will be found."

To sum up from Ford's words and work the true principle of a prosperous and stable industrial community —*labour must itself consume the greatest possible proportion of what labour produces.*

HENRY FORD: INDUSTRIAL PHILOSOPHER

No book ever published contains a message of such importance to British industry, and our political mandarins and industrial and financial leaders could qualify their leadership in no better fashion than by a study of this modern Titan and his works. Not only is Ford's material achievement the most gigantic and incredible in history, but he tells us exactly how he has done it—he keeps nothing back. Ford says that big business does not exist outside the United States. Yet the essential principle of his own business is the unit system, and the combined units of the British Empire form a very respectable whole.

The pacifists will find but cold comfort in these words of Ford :—

> War will never be stopped by pacifists. As long as there exists on earth the warring type of mind, war is possible. Pacifism is an excellent doctrine if preached where the war-making mind is rampant. To arm the bandits of the world and disarm the law-abiding citizens is not the way to stop international hold-ups. Counselling the decent citizen to disarm himself as an example to the thug indicates unfounded confidence in the thug's susceptibility to Christian example. *It is just a pious fiction.*

One further supreme task must, we think, engage his busy brain. Will the manner of spending the Ford fortune, already of grotesque proportions and growing like a snowball, be as epoch-making as the manner of its making? It will surely require the mind of a Ford to devise a method worthy of its creator. When a great fortune passes beyond certain limits it represents nothing save the imagination and the wisdom with which its owner is endowed.

The modern Crœsus must of necessity become the modern philosopher in action, and herein lies the test of Ford's future fame.

> . . . out of a fabulous story
> We fashion an empire's glory.

He would seem to be the busiest man in the world, for the hardest work must come in the management.

Yet, when Sir Joseph Duveen arrived at a dinner in Detroit, and, finding Ford there before him, complimented him on his promptness, Ford answered, "Oh, I have nothing to do."

Henry Ford is more than a man; he is an EPOCH.

Books

FICTION

DEBITS AND CREDITS. By RUDYARD KIPLING. Macmillan. 7s. 6d.

OF late years Mr. Kipling has fallen a little out of favour; his concern for the Empire is not to the taste of our small poets and prosemen. But he is the one man of assured genius to-day who tells a story as no one else can. He has a more leisurely command of English than in the early days when he abolished the semicolon; and he illustrates his prose with verses which are always notable and sometimes pungent. With advancing years he has taken Horace as his master, and imitates the close-packed felicity of the Odes.

Two stories re-explore the vein of clever and not always pleasant schoolboy life started in "Stalky & Co." The war provides several, with the background of a Masonic Lodge which will not appeal to everybody. But Mr. Kipling shows once more his mastery of the supernatural, and his originality, in the vengeance dealt out for a dead friend by a queer Australian who has the gift of moving unseen everywhere. The beautiful story of visiting war graves ends with an incident recorded only by St. John, and carries off the bold adoption of the actual words of the Gospel. The Department of Q.M.A.—*quia multum amavit*—figures in the fantasy of St. Peter admitting as many souls as possible to heaven; and the wonder and tenderness of human love are the prevailing note. This reaches its height in "The Wish-House," where two old women of Sussex, both fading out of the world, talk of their real loves. It is in accordance with the fashion of the day that most of the love recorded is irregular.

"The Janeites," officers at the front devoted to the cult of Jane Austen, and "The Bull that Thought," are both first-rate, and show that Mr. Kipling's versatility is unquenched. If the careless rapture of old days is gone, the technique is admirably mature, and experience of life shines in this book. No young man could have written it. V. R.

THE WORLD OF WILLIAM CLISSOLD. By H. G. WELLS. 3 vols. Ernest Benn. 7s. 6d. net each vol.

THIS book is described as "a novel at a new angle." The angle is obtuse, the hedge-top whereon the author sits, while expressing himself through his supposed cousin Clissold, being trimmed to that form as affording a more comfortable seat. Some kind of an almost plotless novel might be extracted from about a quarter of the pages, hanging together on a string of amours, legitimate, illicit, or quasi-platonic. The rest of the book is filled with discourses, by a thoughtful and widely-read materialist, a metallurgist by profession, on character, conduct,

race, government, war, police, trade, education, engineering, internationalism, birth-control, religion, the Asian problem, and many other concerns of thinking people. Cousin Clissold's main purpose is to set forth the scope of an "Open Conspiracy" which is to supersede existing Constitutions and social conventions generally, not by insurrection, but by "disregard." In a phrase typical of his style he tells us that "humanity is confronted by the necessities and opportunities of a great metamorphosis."

An original feature is the "note before the title-page," instead of after it, where authors usually put prefaces. This is mainly a warning against regarding the characters as portraits. "It is a work of fiction, purely and completely." The two adverbs are out of place. How, for instance, can we accept an account of a great swindling case in the City as purely fictitious, when one of its leading figures belongs to the same titular class, and has a name beginning with the same two letters as that of the equivalent figure in the most sensational City fraud of our time? In another case we have an obvious and pleasing sketch of a distinguished man of science made "fictitious" by such a simple device as, for example, changing "Mr. Wells" into "Mr. Bath."

Two or three of the more striking incidents of the less discursive parts of the book may be noted. The account of a priest's incursion into a forbidden field, and his method of avoiding punishment, might have delighted Sterne, as also Clissold's peculiar reflections on his own novel. It may be remarked that he regards half-nakedness as a sign of savagery, whereas in more than one of his cousin Wells's novels, complete nakedness has appeared to mark the highest plane of civilization.

UNDER THE NORTHERN LIGHTS. By ALAN SULLIVAN. Dent. 6s.

MR. SULLIVAN'S scene is the frozen North of the country round the Hudson Bay inlet right up to the islands which face the Arctic Ocean. He pictures Eskimo and Indian; the white man, intruding with strange magic; the great grey wolf, the terror of the North, and the big bear; the wonderful circuit of the wild swans. Everywhere man has to face intense cold and the search for something to stay maddening hunger. The stories are admirably effective, revealing all the strangeness of lives very different from our own. Mr. Sullivan's telling prose exhibits virtues—such as that of the Good Samaritan—sometimes forgotten by the civilized. He digs deep into humanity for his pathos, and his humour is of the genuine, native sort. Thus, when of two suitors for a girl one has prevailed by the superior magic of a gramophone, and has returned with the glory of European clothes, the future bride hears her father whispering in her ear:

"If the trousers of your husband please you not, I am in great need of lamp-wick."

TWENTY-SEVEN HUMOROUS TALES. Edited by C. A. DAWSON SCOTT and ERNEST RHYS. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

IN matters of humour one man's joke is another man's boredom, and we do not know what is the percentage of laughs that we have a right to expect from a very varied selection of no less than twenty-seven tales. They are chosen mostly from living authors, although Mark Twain makes an unexpected appearance with an extract from his "Innocents Abroad," and Lear and Tom Hood are evoked from the past at his side. The tales stretch from the farce of Mr. Leacock to a story, "The Peace Meeting," by Mr. Galsworthy, which could never have been intended by its author to rank as humour despite its air of satire. Reading the volume convinces one that humorous stories will be appreciated either for the wit of their style or the amusement of their fable, and it is a rare author who can give us both. Saki's story of "Tobermory," the cat who learned to speak, almost alone of these in the book achieves it. Failing the combination, our own preference is for style, and we were captivated by the opening of Mr. Neil Lyons' "Dialogue with a Soldier." But a taste for humour must be personal, and it is not Mr. Jacobs' fault that this reviewer is no longer amused by his irate bargees. Most people still laugh at them; most people will laugh at these humorous stories, and the editors and publishers have given us nearly 300 pages of them to enjoy.

HISTORY AND MEMOIRS

ENGLAND. By DEAN INGE. "The Modern World," vol. vii. Benn. 10s. 6d.

THE author of "England" is among the few living writers who can take a detached view without becoming a faddist, and is able to express himself in a clear and forcible style without yielding to paradox and epigram. If to look facts in the face and to draw from them unpalatable inferences is to be "gloomy," Dr. Inge deserves the epithet; but wisdom informed by true patriotism can afford to disregard charges of so-called pessimism.

The main value of the book lies in its grave appeal to all patriotic Englishmen against "the anti-social and unpatriotic sectionalism" which is the great and pressing danger of to-day. It is a disease of industrialism not confined to Great Britain, but especially perilous to this island. If England is to hold anything like her old position in the world, she must overcome it; "only a nation which is one in spirit can remain free." The Dean is inclined to reject Spengler's notion that national decay arises from the passing of the Western type of civilization, and to adopt the theory that the cause is temporary, "due to imperfect adaptation to the sudden demands of mechanization and modern city life." To save ourselves we may have to go back to something like the conditions of the mid-eighteenth century.

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of the most diverse authorities. Perhaps the most striking thing in the first chapter ("The Land and its Inhabitants") is the quotation of the late Lord Fisher's view that Englishmen were not natural sailors, but became so by "sheer spirit." But another notable feature in it is a dissertation on the beauty and importance of the English language.

In his interesting analysis of "The Soul of England," Dr. Inge insists upon the "practical reason" of his countrymen as against the "logical reason" of their continental critics, to whom their apparent inconsistency appears as hypocrisy. He shrewdly observes that "the only irreparable mistakes are those which are made by consistent intellectualists or strict logicians." But he admits that the faddist is an Anglo-Saxon product, and that the conception of gentility till recently was far from admirable. One hopes that what he heard from the captain of a first-class county eleven does not indicate the decay of that "playing the game" spirit which has hitherto distinguished our race. Many will subscribe to the dictum that "the extreme patience and almost abject spirit of conciliation" which England has often exhibited are not wholly admirable. On the question whether the national character is changing, the writer offers no decided views; but he discusses, both here and later, the phenomenon of the apparently unpatriotic attitude of the present-day town-worker.

The three weighty chapters dealing with Empire, Industrialism, and Democracy will probably excite most interest in the majority of readers. The conclusion of the first, that we have reached our zenith and are far less able than we were a century ago to meet attack, may, we fear, take some optimism to dispute, though the view that "our recent territorial acquisitions are by no means a source of strength" will not be generally accepted.

LIFE IN THE INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE. By SIR EVAN MACONOCHIE, K.C.I.E., C.S.I. With 40 illustrations from photographs and 2 coloured plates. Chapman and Hall. 18s.

OF the average Indian Civilian of to-day—type of the best service in the world—the public knows little. This gap Sir Evan Maconochie has filled by an account of his own experiences from 1889 to 1921.

The style of the book, spontaneous, modest, and unaffected, accords with its purpose. The stage is spacious and romantic; the descriptions of scenery and surroundings vivid and arresting; the narrative crisp and practical. We are not lectured or brow-beaten with theories and technicalities. The author has no axe to grind. He points his morals shrewdly enough, and adorns his tale with humorous occasions. There are brief footnotes and a glossary of English equivalents, with a series of fine photographs mostly of typical architecture, and two coloured plates from Lady Maconochie's sketch-book beautifully executed. The whole volume is an entertaining record and serves its purpose admirably.

NEW AUTUMN BOOKS

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The author of this interesting book held the position of English governess to Princess Victoria Louise, the only daughter of the Kaiser, during the period of 1902-1909. We have here an intimate first-hand account of the Kaiser in his varying moods showing the perplexing facets of his character.

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REFLECTIONS FROM SHAKESPEARE
by LENA ASHWELL

(Illus. in half-tone and line. 21/- net.)

This work, by a distinguished actress, with the greatest of dramatists as her subject, deals mainly with the period of the tragedies. The chief characters are analysed and explained with the vivid individual touch of one who possesses imaginative insight, as well as practical experience.

LONDON: HUTCHINSON & Co. (Publishers), Ltd.
PATERNOSTER ROW

The tone is throughout decidedly optimistic; but there is virtue in recalling the happiest days, what a new recruit would call "the good old times." Sir Evan Maconochie's lines, moreover, were cast in exceptionally pleasant places. He was trained by two masters of their craft, and he sat at the feet of Lord Curzon in the zenith of his powers. From them he learnt how to absorb information and how to use it. But it is as true in India as elsewhere that every man has his chances, and that for the most part men get what they deserve. Sir Evan's career reveals him as a man of observation, enterprise, and tact, who had resources and hobbies that kept him cheerfully busy together with a *bonhomie* that won loyalty and good fellowship from British and Indians alike. He has enjoyed a varied experience as Revenue Settlement Officer in Sujarat, Under-Secretary at Simla and Calcutta, Private Secretary to the young Chief of Mysore, Collector of Dharwar, and Agent to the Governor in Kathiawar. These posts brought him into touch with good climates, the best of scenery, and architecture, and many notable personalities. He viewed and decided matters as representative both of the British Government and of native States, and he saw India in the old style and the new, with the war as a dividing partition.

The descriptions of life in camp under canvas with brief sketches of work and play and the adventurous and exacting tasks

awaiting British administrators in native States during a minority, are of unusual interest. Sir Evan Maconochie pays handsome tribute to officials in India from Lord Curzon downwards. He has words of praise, too, for Indian officials; but he is no doubt correct in ascribing dearth of administrative leadership among Indians to the British system. "The only way," he declares, "to fit men for responsibility is to place responsibility upon them."

The preliminary and final chapters offer very sensible observations on the present outlook as affecting the Indian Civil Service. Reforms were, no doubt, inevitable, and Indianization was long overdue. Whether India after centuries of foreign domination will respond to democratic privileges and obligations; whether the reforms did not begin at the wrong end; whether the cultivating classes upon whom the economic salvation of India must depend will receive fair treatment when their educated brethren control finances; whether the proximity of autocratic native States to a democratized British India can be justified or tolerated —these are problems which can be solved only by the retention of British supremacy. The members of the Indian Civil Service must once again be prepared to face the worst forms of political intrigue, in which the Indian has long ago proved himself an adept unsurpassed. Again, the high tension between Hindu and Mohammedan must undoubtedly be ascribed to the reforms and recent Indianization. As British supremacy yields to self-government, the strain between these two great communities will become more acute. It emerges unhappily in the form of religious disputes, in which the British can intervene only to maintain law and order; for in India religion governs all social relations, and is the dominating influence in daily life. Instead of pretending to hate the British "foreigner"—which was largely political clamour owing to weakness at Simla—the Indian is now seriously engaged in hating his neighbour; and under this strain the newly-laid foundations of self-government may crumble to dust.

But, whatever the future brings, there is still—as Sir Evan insists—splendid work for the British member of the Indian Civil Service to do, and only he can do it.

THE LETTERS OF LADY LOUISA STUART—THE LETTERS OF GEORGE ELIOT. Both selected and edited, with an Introduction, by R. BRIMLEY-JOHNSON. Lane. Each 6s.

MR. JOHNSON is giving us with capable appreciations selections from the letters of blue-stocking ladies, and, in truth, few will care to plough through all their lucubrations on paper. The two women we notice to-day are far from born letter-writers, but both of exceptional interest. If Lady Louisa Stuart had not been the daughter of a prime minister and a great lady at a period when printers were despised, she might have made a name for herself as a writer. Lovers of Scott know her excellent criticisms of the Waverley novels. She never married, and was

never quite satisfied with her life, but out of her reserve spring hints of observation, humour, and good sense that put her well above the fashionable blue-stocking who, as she remarks, knows little. Lady Louisa knew history and Shakespeare as a familiar friend. Her memory for a jest is shown in this from Talleyrand:

> He was asked whether he did not think Lady Fitzroy Somerset very well dressed. *Mais non—ça commence trop tard, et ça finit trop tôt*—the best and shortest description of a bare neck and short petticoats I ever heard.

The book will be a pleasant discovery to many readers.

George Eliot, though the creator of Mrs. Poyser, had in private life very little sense of humour. But the serious interest and good judgment of her letters are notable; she could not be dull, and with her intense need for affection she was always a warm-hearted friend. Mr. Johnson might have added a note here and there to his good selection of letters, as some of them hardly explain themselves. There is not much of the gift of epigram which her novels supply to the close observer; but there is a good deal which reveals a very human lady of singular accomplishment. The shy provincial blossomed under the influence of success and was too severely kept apart as a Sibyl by Lewes.

POLITICS AND CRIME

THE SOCIALIST NETWORK. By NESTA H. WEBSTER. Boswell Printing and Publishing Co. 10s.

THOSE who profess Socialistic principles, when tackled about their beliefs, have a habit of evading with the answer: "What you attack is not my sort of Socialism." Though Karl Marx may be regarded as the high priest of the cult, it has all sorts of ingenious ramifications and subterfuges, and it gathers in, besides the deliberately dangerous, brethren who, sometimes tolerably innocuous and merely foolish, may not subscribe to the more desperate and disintegrating of the Socialist tenets, but still add their influence to the force of the main stream. Of the many supporting organizations some are well known to-day; others are singularly evasive, working underground, and hoping by lies and manipulated statistics to undermine all constituted authority. It is a great thing to have a complete list of these interlacing energies, from world Bolshevism to the various bodies which arrogate to themselves the special title of "Workers," carefully exposed by an historian of Mrs. Webster's ability. Many of them are accomplished wrigglers ready to deny everything, and here details of fact and discovery are given with dates and authorities. Pseudonyms are unveiled, useful changes of name do not conceal affiliations, and bodies so recent as the Hyde Park Socialist Club, established in the autumn of last year, are included. Two striking chapters are devoted to the Capture and Bolshevization

of Trade Unions. One cannot help noting the prevalence of names indicating foreign Jews, and it appears that

> British workers were not only to be turned against their employers, but against their own officials, provided these were not prepared to take their orders from Moscow—the tyranny of native leaders was to be replaced by the tyranny of a foreign power.

The furious quarrels and recriminations of these revolutionaries must, however, reduce their effectiveness, and they do not always succeed in their task of pestilential penetration. Last year the Conference of the T.U.C. presented Tomski with a gold watch: this year they have had to do without him.

The Communists are fond of reiterating the small number of their party, but Mrs. Webster warns us that some of the most ardent propagandists "do not figure, at any rate openly, on the lists of the British Communist Party." They may be ostensible providers of famine relief or soup kitchens—outside England. We gather that, though "class-conscious, impartial relief" is international in theory, only German workers are to be helped to swallow propaganda by swallowing hot soup. The disgusting educational activities of these gentry were still tolerated in 1925.

A large folding chart shows the wide ramifications of the "Network" and the extent of Mrs. Webster's record. Her book should be in the hands of all who wish to meet these insidious attempts, alien in origin and inspiration, to ruin the country.

SCOTLAND YARD. By JOSEPH GOLLOMB. Hutchinson. 18s.

THE title does not do justice to this very interesting book, which shows knowledge, not only of Scotland Yard, but also of the criminal-hunting institutions of Paris, Berlin, and Vienna. Mr. Gollomb varies his stories of strange crimes with comments on the different methods of each country. Scotland Yard is famous for team-work and does not rely entirely on promoted policemen. It gets some of its best material from the farmer's plough. A country man has a fresh mind and is more teachable than a town man with fixed notions of life and possibly disconcerting connections in the field where he has to work. The way in which the smallest hint can be used is marvellous. Habit prevails among criminals as in everyday respectable life. So the fact that a man sings over his work is a clue which narrows the investigation down to the criminals known to have that habit. In Paris brilliant guessing and audacious single-handed pursuit are the vogue. In Berlin everything is noted and codified, and no man can hope to escape this vast network of compromising detail. There are 180 rooms of notes, and the police can enter freely the houses of any they suspect. Coming to Vienna we think there must be an anti-climax, but find the most extraordinary success of all. The police, when they are floored, go to professors who reconstitute the crime and the criminal's ways. One

professor, on holiday miles away, was called up by telephone, consulted a colleague who happened to be at the same place, and made what seemed an obvious murder into a case of suicide. So closely did the professor see the whole affair on the bridge that he might have been on hand when it occurred. He judged that the man was not killed with the revolver left on the bridge, but used on himself another which he arranged to fall into the water. This would be proved by the dent it made in the bridge before it was submerged. The police investigated and found the dent. One of the famous criminals of Vienna called himself "Robin Hood" and was a man of first-rate education who deliberately worked to assist the poor.

The various stories supply such instances of subtlety and skill that they should give pause to those who regard detective fiction as too elaborate. We have no means of verifying the author's details, but no reason to dispute his veracity. He is generally discreet, except when he adds to Fielding the novelist the knighthood his brother secured. His writing shows that he is an American, belonging to a country where crime is amazingly frequent and strangely successful in evading punishment. A satirist might almost describe murder in Chicago as a protected industry, and the statistics given would be a disgrace to any civilization. We hear nothing in detail of the American system of criminal-catching, but it is clearly compatible with a wide degree of liberty for the criminals.

POETRY

A Bouquet from France. By Wilfred Thorley. Harrap. 7s. 6d.

Despite the memories of form room toils and tribulations evoked by any volume wherein a foreign text challenges an English translation across the margin, there is something eternally pleasant about a parallel text. Mr. Thorley's latest book gives us a hundred French poems in this format. He stands to them in the triple relationship of anthologist, translator and annotator, and when it is added that the verses extend from the anonymity of the thirteenth century to our experimental contemporaries, it will be realized that Mr. Thorley has set himself no light task. He has accomplished it as a poet rather than as a purist; but this deliberate choice of the unacademic method does not render him unscholarly, and usually, when he has broken away from literal translation, he has abandoned it that he might remain true to the mood or even the sound of his original. His fault is that he tends to extend the images and so to lose something of the Latin clarity for a romanticism which at its worst tends to sentimentality. As a bad example he translates: "Simone, ta sœur la neige dort dans la cour" as "Flight-weary, thy sister the snow sleeps there like a dove," but he is seldom as lax as that, and we are indebted for a charming book.

GENERAL

THE GHOST-BOOK: SIXTEEN NEW STORIES OF THE UNCANNY. Compiled by LADY CYNTHIA ASQUITH. Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.

AUTHORS of to-day, some, like Mr. Algernon Blackwood and Mr. Oliver Onions, well known for their practice in the supernatural, have provided here a well-varied assortment of tales, all carefully worked up with atmosphere, and some with the freezing air which introduced Hamlet to his ghost. Murder is the main thing behind the appearances, but the ghost which helps is also in evidence; and perhaps the most effective story is Clemence Dane's vision of the uncanny house which satisfies maternal love. Mr. Whibley alone is historic, detailing the fate of Lord Lyttelton in Johnson's day. Mr. Onions, from whom we expect much, is content with humorous chaff.

The writing throughout is of a high standard, but somewhat elaborate. In these materialistic days of electric light candles and other settings of a more leisured time may be needed to encourage the supernatural. "A ghost," as Meredith wrote, "is a distinction above titles," a thing not yet staled by vulgar repetition or commercial enterprise.

MAXIMS AND CONSIDERATIONS OF CHAMFORT. Translated, with an introduction, by E. POWYS MATHERS. 2 vols. Golden Cockerel Press. 30s. net.

LIKE all the books issued by this Press, these volumes are models of book production—the format, the type, the paper, and the binding are all a delight to the eye and the touch of the book-lover.

We have often wondered for what sort of reader these expensive translations of French classics are intended. There can hardly be 550 people in England who can afford to pay thirty shillings for a book, yet who do not possess enough French to be able to read this author in the original. The natural inference is that the majority of these volumes find their way to the United States, where French is not studied as competently as it is here. Who but Americans would desire to read the complete works of Théophile Gautier or of Balzac in English? Certain *facetiæ* may find a market here in translations, but hardly Chamfort. For the sententious aphorism-mongers are as clear as crystal. When are we to have a new edition of Colton's "Lacon," one of the forgotten masterpieces of a hundred years ago?

Mr. Mathers has done his work as a translator quite efficiently, although his task was not as tough as that of Mr. Scott Moncrieff when he tackled Proust. But his introduction is jejune—a serious account of either the life or the works of this author cannot be got into nine pages. He has missed a very good opportunity of giving a study of the *pensée*-writers and of clearing up many of the obscure parts of Chamfort's life. His notes are more jejune still, nine notes, and one on Quinze-Vingts that we all learn about in our elementary French grammar. Far better to have omitted them, as, he confesses, was his first intention.